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PART XXIX.

THE BODY AND THE MEMBERS.

RUSSIA being disposed of, we Catholics must now "look out for squalls." The British Lion is not a simple leonine brute, but a compound creature, with two natures—one that of a lion, the other that of a jackass. Or rather perhaps we ought to believe, in his case, in a sort of chronic Pythagorean metempsychosis, whereby the leonine and the asinine natures take their turns in the corporeal frame, and the mighty mouth gives vent alternately to a stately roar and an ear-splitting bray. The donkey's time is now come again, and the soul of Spooner has taken possession of the formidable ribs and paws of the king of beasts. The mind of Spooner itself is a curious phenomenon. It has two chief horrors: gold, and the Catholic religion. Not that the class whom Spooner theologically and politically represents have the smallest objection to the former of these two good things, as far as possessing it goes; on the contrary, we have ever observed a remarkable affinity between a love for the good things of this life and a hatred of Popery. The Spooner hatred of gold is altogether of another kind. Our readers are perhaps not generally aware that this stanch antagonist of nuns and Maynooth is an equally stanch antagonist of the common sense of mankind on the subject of paying debts. He is one of the Birmingham currency-doctors, who hold that when the Government promises to pay a pound sterling to a creditor, it does not really bind itself to pay a certain fixed weight of the precious metal. These economists are of opinion—suddenly we are pulled up. *What* are their opinions? Nobody knows. They are pure Protestants on the subject of the currency. All they hold is, that Popery and Peelery are both detestable: that when Peel re-enacted the old laws that "a pound" shall be held *to be* what it was *meant* to be, viz. so many ounces' weight of gold, he did as wicked a thing to the pockets of mankind as the Pope

did to their souls when he promulgated the decrees of the Council of Trent. *What* ought to be the principle of debt-paying, in place of Peelery, Spooner and Co. know no more than they know what is to be believed in place of Popery.

Here, however, the parallel stops. The Birmingham geniuses pocket (literally) their inconsistencies in the case of gold, but they strive for a fatal consistency in the case of religion. The music of the jingling "sovereign" is sweet to the soul of Spooner, notwithstanding the predilections of his theory in favour of paper-money. "But Papists!—no, not even when all mankind cries out in favour of the nuns, that they at any rate are real gold—tolerate them not! Let them visit and nurse the sick in the Crimea; let them die in the hospitals; let Popish soldiers fight and die, let Popish priests die too at their side,—what of that? Endure them not. Rob their colleges; search their convents; insult their clergy; banish their monks; kick them out of society; away with them from the face of the land! Tell us not they are the real gold; we don't want it: we want paper-money—a paper religion. Our religion is a book, a printed book: it is the object of our worship. The Chinese burn paper to their idols; but we worship paper as our god; and as for these idolaters, the Papists, if we could, we would burn them in its honour."

We trust, then, that no Catholic will be surprised if he finds that the British Lion, which *in propriâ naturâ* helped to take Sebastopol, varies his exploits by occasionally kicking and lashing out in all directions, when donkey-inspired, against us. Granting the utmost that can be granted as to the gradual improvement of popular feeling towards us, it is undeniable that Puritanism and Nationalism are now combined in an alliance which must from time to time produce savage outbreaks against Catholics. One of the most striking illustrations lately to be met with of the influence which Puritanism has acquired, was to be found in Lord Palmerston's way of meeting a recent motion in the House of Commons for giving the Londoners a little amusement on Sundays. That crafty nobleman, who cares about as much for Sunday as he does for Mahometanism, actually thought it politic to make a speech verging as near Puritanism as he could without making himself the laughing-stock of every body who knows what his real notions are. Palmerston playing second fiddle to Shaftesbury! What a duet! what a combination of discords! What absurdities do the manœuvres of party present for the edification of the looker-on! Still, so it is. Puritanism *pays*; it is high in the market just now; and as long as it pays, we

poor Catholics may rest assured that we too must pay, in another sense of the word. It is useless to look for quiet and peace. We shall never have rest; and our wisest way is to be never surprised at mischief befalling us in any quarter. Let us go on with our work patiently; taking blows, and patching up the wounds; and hitting our enemies when we are sure that we do not hit a friend in the dark.

This being our prospect, it is not wonderful that Catholics often cry out for some more methodical, more organised, more effectual way of meeting opponents, of refuting slanders, and of defending our rights. To hear many people talk, one would suppose that it is our own fault that we do not hold such a position in Parliament, in the Press, and in Society, as would enable us effectually to silence the oratory of the Shaftesbury-Spooner school, and set all candid people right as to the real doctrines and morals of Catholicism. Why don't the Bishops do this? Why don't the Catholic peers do that? Why don't the M.Ps. do something else? Why don't you, Mr. So-and-so, with your friends, Mr. This, and Mr. That, or Mr. Somebody else,—why don't you do something or other to put an end, once for all, to these infamous falsehoods, this systematic misrepresentation, this cowardly bullying? Why doesn't somebody make our newspapers perfect? Why do we print so many ugly little useless books? Why do we translate so badly? Why do you, Mr. Editor, put this into the *Rambler*, and why don't you put that? In short, why don't Bishops, peers, M.Ps., literary men, organisers, singers, architects, in short, every body;—why does not every body, or at least somebody, do every thing?

The answer is short, and to the point: We can't. Those who expect that the Catholic body, as an organised whole, ought to put all their affairs on a satisfactory footing, simply demand an impossibility. The organisation of Catholics, except in purely spiritual things, is a vision, which never existed except in the heads of a few Catholics and a great many Protestants. The latter, indeed, look upon us as the most completely organised body in the world for all purposes which are in any way incidentally connected with our religion. That any Catholic ever acts independently, is an idea which the Protestant mind can hardly realise. That private individuals, whether lay or clerical, should ever do any thing for which they alone are personally responsible, seems to the Protestant capacity inconsistent with the principles of our religion. Such a disciplined army as we are, with such soldiers, and such subalterns, and such regimental officers, and such generals, and such a commander-in-chief, and such pay to boot, is supposed

by our opponents to exist no where else among men. Whatever happens, somebody of the priestly or Jesuit species is held to be "at the bottom of it." Every body is a "tool," and every thing is an "organ." Our newspapers are "organs." We ourselves—the *Rambler*—are an "organ." Of course, it never strikes these believers in this marvellous discipline of Catholicism, that if we *were* thus organised, wealthy, and able, a vast deal more would result from our efforts than results in fact. It never occurs to them that the real state of the Catholic world is simply inexplicable on their hypothesis as to our capacities.

With them, however, we have not now to do. The point which we are anxious to press is to this effect, that at the present juncture the advance of our religion and the improvement of our social position depends upon ourselves, not as a body, but as individuals. It depends upon every man's doing his own work to the best of his capacities, and not expecting somebody else to do it for him. This is the only way in which Catholicism, as an organised whole, can be brought to bear upon the wants of the time. It is hopeless to think of doing things on a grand scale, except by beginning to do them on a small one. We cannot do things in concert, unless each man separately is determined to do his own work as zealously and as carefully as if he were the only person on whom the whole affair in hand depended. This, we may rely on it, is the great secret of success in all undertakings where many persons are concerned. It is the perfect action of the individuals which produces the perfect action of the entire body. And it is a want of sufficient comprehension of this truth that makes so many Catholic undertakings more or less fail. We are apt to rest too much on our neighbours; to be discontented with small results; to be restless and dissatisfied if we have to wait long for any result at all; and to despond because we are tried by frequent failures.

This erroneous feeling may be seen working in all sorts of forms. For a long time nothing was thought promising unless it had a duke, or at least an earl, at the head of it. Or a scheme is thought little of if it is purely local, and not likely to be known or valued beyond the place where it originates and to which it is adapted. Or every thing is thought to be in a way to success if it is just set going with a fine set of rules and regulations, and a dozen or two people are got to belong to it, not one of whom will take the smallest real trouble in the affair ever afterwards. Or a good work is held to be not worth attending to, when established, because some or many of its supporters fall off; and the defection of one is

held to be not only a valid excuse for the defection of the rest, but an actual reason for it. And so on in all sorts of varieties, still betraying our want of grasp of the great principle of human action, that the work of a body of men is nothing more than the aggregate work of individuals. It all shows that we are apt to hold that a great many times *nothing* amounts to *something*; or, what is nearly as untrue, that doing a thing ill twice over is equivalent to doing it well once.

We hold, then, that whatever may be the mode in which Protestant ill-feeling may now be shown to us, the first thing to be done is to realise the fact that nothing that Catholics can do, as a body, can prevent these attacks upon us; and the next thing is, to meet them in every practicable way, as they occur in individual cases, being satisfied that we have done our duty, and that our work is not thrown away when we have thus done our best, even though the work has to be done over and over again elsewhere, and by others, or even again and again in our own case. School-teaching and managing, periodical and book writing, church-building, the culture of music and art, the refutation of local attacks, the defence of the poor, and all those other duties which practically fall so much into the hands of the laity, must be gone on with from month to month and year to year, as if we had not yet made a beginning, and as if every thing depended on what each person does in his own sphere.

Again, in restoring Catholics to their rightful position in the country, it appears to us that no man, whatever his rank in life, should lose an opportunity of appearing before his fellow-countrymen in any kind of way that may make himself and his character known to them. Let it be ever borne in mind, that our grand difficulty is to make ourselves thoroughly understood by our non-Catholic friends and neighbours. They will not look at us. They will not hear us. They persist in thinking that we are what we are not. Pretending that our system is a dark device that will not bear the light, they resist all our efforts to make them better acquainted with it and with ourselves. We are looked on as a sort of monsters, with a tail concealed somewhere. Professing that we want to hide our wickednesses in secret places, they themselves fly from all knowledge of what Catholicism is, and what Catholics are. They will not hear our words, or read our books; and many of them feel their skin begin to creep the moment they know they are in the company of a "Papist."

Whatever, then, a man is capable of being or doing, as a member of the social body, which he would be or do if he were not a Catholic—provided, of course, that it is innocent—

by all means let him strive to accomplish being a Catholic, and being known as a Catholic. Every Catholic who convinces his neighbours that, though a Papist, he has not got cloven feet, does a benefit to his religion. Whether a peer in the Lords, or a member in the Commons, or a magistrate on the bench, or a lawyer in the courts, or a man of cultivation in the literary and artistic world, or a mere member of society, every man who is known to be a practical Catholic, helps to cut away some little bit of that monstrous boarding of prejudice which darkens the sight of the English public. It is not easy to believe that the man we take wine with at dinner is plotting the murder of his neighbours, and has got an indulgence from the Pope in his pocket to pardon him beforehand for committing the crime.

Of course this is far from implying that Catholics ought to be a forward, pushing, impudent race; thrusting themselves on people when they are not called to do it, and boring their neighbours when they ought to be holding their tongues. We had better say and do nothing as members of the social state than make ourselves disagreeable by doing things badly. This only makes matters worse. Observers sometimes wonder why we cut such a sad figure in Parliament; why our speakers are not on a par with Stanley and Lyndhurst in the Lords, and Gladstone, Bright, and Palmerston in the Commons. For ourselves, we confess ourselves gratified with the fact that so few Catholics rise to inflict speeches on their brother-peers and members; and we regret to perceive that all our representatives are not conscious of the fact, that a man may be a very worthy personage and a respectable member of Parliament, and yet a terrible bore when he gets on his legs to make motions that nobody will support, and ask questions that every body laughs at. So in other things also; a forward, ill-bred, impudent way of pushing ourselves on other people's notice does infinite mischief. The real good is done by avoiding both impudence and shyness. It requires sometimes not a little tact in a Catholic to take his proper place in the world with the least possible offence to others. Still, this is no reason why it should not be done. Because "brass" is more odious than *mauvaise honte*, that is no reason why a man should not be bold and courageous, and at the same time modest and self-respecting.

ON ORIGINAL SIN

AS AFFECTING THE DESTINY OF UNREGENERATE MAN.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—Last July you did me the honour to insert in the *Rambler* a letter of mine on the Immaculate Conception in connection with the doctrine of original sin; may I presume further on your kindness, and beg the insertion of the following thoughts on the doctrine of original sin as bearing on the destinies of the non-Christian world?

I understand that some persons objected to my former letter on the ground of its “rationalising” tendency; as if all exercise of reason on the mysteries of our faith must end in attempts to explain them away! As if the proper homage of the mind and thought to the truth were the total suppression of all thought about the truth! As if the true service of a slave to his master were to render himself impotent and useless, instead of devoting all his energies to his work! It was not in this way that St. Athanasius, or St. Basil, or St. Hilary, defended the doctrine of the Trinity, or St. Augustine that of original sin; it was not thus that those clear, pellucid, sharp-edged formulas were devised, in which the great mysteries of our faith are taught to us. Christian philosophy consists in something more than “copying fair what time hath blurred,” as the Anglican Herbert describes it; in something beyond a mere reiterated assertion without further consequence, like the “great is Diana” of the Ephesian mob. Christian philosophy traces the internal organisation of the doctrines of the creed, or their relationship with human nature and wants, or the answer they give to the questions and difficulties which successively agitate society. Such are all the theological works which have gained the widest popularity in modern days; the *Symbolik* of Möhler, the *Etudes Philosophiques* of Nicolas, the *Conférences* of Lacordaire, the *Civilisation Européenne* of Balmez, and, I may add, the *Questions of the Soul* of Father Hecker. All relinquish, when arguing with Protestants, the cut-and-dry references to patristic authorities, which, in fact, modern society does not admit to be authorities at all, and argue the question from premises more congenial to modern habits of mind. *Tous chemins vont à Rome*, says the French proverb; truth lies at the end of every road of true argument.

The use of argument is to persuade, and the wise man uses those arguments which he thinks will persuade. When there is no more traffic on a line of road, the coaches cease to run; no one thinks of putting on extra trains from Dover to London because there has been a great arrival of passengers from the East at Southampton. If you wish to fill your carriages, you must start from the place where people are collected; if you wish to persuade them, you must begin from their mental stand-point.

In my former letter I tried to show that if we held the doctrine of original sin precisely as it is taught in the formulas of the Church, without allowing our imagination to interfere with our judgment, and discarding all unauthorised glosses and additions, however respectable the authority on which they rest, the Immaculate Conception is a fact which, so far from being an anomalous exception to the law, is, on the other hand, one of those exceptions which prove the rule, an exception which the mere terms of the rule would lead us to anticipate. In my present letter I propose to show that the Catholic doctrine of original sin in its consequences on fallen man is contrary neither to our natural conceptions of the justice and mercy of God, nor to the expectation of nature that the virtuous life of heathens and idolaters will have its own reward in a future state. I deny neither hell nor the fallen condition of man. I believe that there is a future eternity of torment for those who have rejected the supernatural grace of God, and I see and know that man is a spiritual and reasonable being, placed in the condition of an animal; a soul capable of the supernatural, yet limited to the natural; a creature absolutely incapable of receiving perfect satisfaction from the things around him, yet incapable of providing what he needs to satisfy him; a conscience haunted with the continual consciousness of fault, and with a perpetual feeling of the necessity of an expiation; a social creature, subject to a great scheme of moral government, wherein the mute doubts of the mind are more than confirmed by the actual decrees of Providence; where no real good can be purchased but at the price of sweat, or tears, or blood; where the career of genius is almost always beset with reverses and misfortunes; where national power and glory require a continual tribute of human life; where the practice of virtue is only possible in the midst of difficulty and disgust; where there is no heroism without persecution, nothing beautiful, grand, or sublime, that is not acquired and preserved at the price of sacrifice and pain. The law of chastisement and of expiation is written upon all sides in ineffaceable characters; such is the history of man, painful, but authentic; unhappy,

but undeniable; which has left its everlasting records wherever the children of Adam have passed by.

I should be a madman if I pretended to explain away such a fact as this. Still, it is allowable to try to harmonise it with the known attributes of God; we may attempt to construct upon it a theodicy, or vindication of the dealings of Providence with man. I wish to render my faith internally self-consistent; to trace the bond of connection between the separate *articles* of my creed, which, as the word implies, form an articulated and organised whole. I do not aspire to be one of those Catholics who confine their faith to that alone which in strictness they *need* believe; I would not say to a reluctant convert, You need only confess and communicate once a-year, you need not honour images, you need not invoke the saints, you need not worship the Blessed Virgin; you may be a very good Catholic without these things. Neither would I reduce the dogma of original sin to the smallest allowable modicum of dry formula; I have no wish to go as near denying hell as I can, consistently with the bare letter of ecclesiastical definitions; it is far from my desire to shock the orthodox believer by proving to him how much of his creed I can cut away, and yet remain within the letter of the formularies of the Church.

Why, then, it may be said, moot the subject at all? Because it is already rife in nearly every household in England. Because the great heresy of modern days is universalism, which asserts mercy, forgiveness, final happiness for all, without respect of creeds or conduct. The Calvinistic doctrine of reprobation has been so foolishly pressed, that a great reaction has set in against that of hell and damnation. Men refuse to believe that God created ninety-nine persons out of each hundred, only to make every one of them as miserable as he is capable of being for all eternity; they cannot bring themselves to think that the only difference between a sinner damned and a sinner saved is the sprinkling with a drop of water, the pronouncement of an absolution, or the sensation of that indescribable "experience" which the Evangelical calls "conversion." Men reject all "damnatory clauses," because, forsooth, they will have no share in condemning their neighbour to hell. Persons who do not attribute the slightest efficacy to the priest's absolution, behave as if their assent to an anathema would determine whether a sinner should be lost or saved.

But, however absurd and perverse, this movement of the popular mind, like all heresies, is founded on some truth; which, whatever it is, must be the natural specific remedy for the error. Catholics, therefore, should discover what this truth is, and should offer it to the benighted wanderer, telling

him, that what he strives against is not the doctrine of the Church ; that what the Church really teaches contains all the truth towards which he waddles so obliquely, without his exaggerations or his blunders. Catholics should, though perhaps they do not always, act thus. Perhaps in general they are but too ready to note every one as a heretic who wishes to make a novel application of old truth to the refutation of a new error.

We are ready enough to deride the Calvinist who mounts the pulpit with the glad tidings of damnation to all the world but the few frequenters of his special Ebenezer. May not our mode of stating some doctrines expose us to similar derision? When, for instance, we couple the dogma of the non-salvability of those outside the Church with the extreme doctrine concerning hell, namely, that it is a place where there are degrees of punishment, but only depending on the capacities of the condemned ; where each man is a vessel filled to the brim with the wine of God's wrath, no one fuller than another, though the larger hold more and the smaller hold less,—when we couple these two doctrines, do we not represent God in as forbidding a light as the dreariest preacher of reprobation? This is a grave error, unless the fact is as we represent it. We have no right to modify our doctrines for economical purposes, to paint the misery of the future world otherwise than we know it will be, in order to try to frighten people into virtue ; truth is not helped by a lie in the long-run ; the reaction comes, when it has to contend against a tenfold accumulation of prejudice. Now-a-days men will not be converted by terrors which they will not believe. There is no possible end to be gained by going beyond the literal teaching of the Church. To insist upon unauthorised opinions, however common, serves no purpose. Our neighbour is not damned or saved by our opinion of his destiny ; but our notion of God, of His divine justice and mercy, is greatly modified by such opinions ; and when we contrast our lax views of the probable salvation of Catholic suicides, and sinners who have only received the last sacraments in a state of speechless and moribund semi-consciousness, with our austere suspicions of the eternal misery of those who die out of the Church, we must own that we give some ground for the sneer, that our religion is a comfortable machine, which carries people to heaven on a feather-bed whether they will or no, leaving those without to their terrible fate with as little remorse as John Calvin himself.

I think, then, that there is reason, even at the risk of offending some persons, to inquire into the state in which the non-

Christian world is placed in this life and the next; for though the question may have no personal interest for those within the Church, yet its influence on persons who hold universalist notions, as well as on our own conception of God's attributes, may be very great.

Man is left by original sin, or the deprivation of the gift of original justice, in a state of nature; a state not substantially depraved and defiled, but such as it might have come forth from God's plastic hand, if He had originally decreed to make man a merely natural being, without the supernatural destiny of the beatific vision. The 55th of the condemned propositions of Baius is as follows: "*Deus non potuisset ab initio talem creare hominem, qualis nunc nascitur.*" *All Catholics are bound to confess the contradictory of this, namely, that God might at first have created man as he is now born.* The infant, born in original sin, a "child of wrath," a "slave of the devil," has a nature such as God might have created when He "saw all that He had made, and behold it was very good." The evil that he inherits is not absolute, but relative; considering that God originally made man for a supernatural end, as now born he is a degraded being,—a being who has lost his birth-right, and is sentenced to the same penalty of eternal banishment from God's presence which constitutes the essence of the pain of the devil and his angels. But, considered absolutely, there is nothing positively evil in the natural state of man; a rational soul in an animal body, maintaining a life-long struggle against the bestial propensities of the organisation, is a combination by no means derogatory to the purity of the Creator. Again, if God might have originally created man such as he is now born, he must have a natural end proposed to him; for God could scarcely have created an immortal reason without any end at all. I cannot therefore accept Dr. Brownson's dictum—"This much we think certain, that man, as we now find him, in the present decree of God, has, in fact, no natural destiny; and nothing natural, not even the natural vision of God, which is only a vision *per speculum*, not an intuitive vision of His essence, can satisfy the wants of the soul" (*Review*, July 1855, p. 293). Certainly the beatific vision is not due to man's nature, therefore it is not the natural end of man; but he is born with some natural end, or else God could not have originally created him as he is now born, unless He created man without any destiny at all. What, then, is this natural end?

To answer this question, I need only refer to the passages I quoted from St. Alphonsus in my former letter, concerning the future state of unbaptised infants. Excluded from glory,

they know not what they have lost, and therefore grieve not for it; but, on the contrary, they may take pleasure in the gifts of nature, and may even enjoy God by natural knowledge and natural love. "He will be happy in a natural participation of the divine goodness; he will be united to God by a participation of natural gifts, and so will be able to rejoice in Him by a natural knowledge and love" (St. Alphonsus, *On Prayer*, part ii. cap. 1, *ad fin.*). Such is the natural end of man, in spite of original sin: actual sin against the law of nature must cause him to forfeit this natural destiny, as sin against the law of Christ entails the loss of glory. For as there are two supernatural destinies, glory and eternal death, the essence of each of which is a supernatural knowledge,—of glory, the positive beatific vision; of eternal death, the negative damnific vision (if I may so call it), by means of which the damned know what and how much they have lost,—so there are two natural destinies: of reward, the natural enjoyment of God, as described by St. Alphonsus; of punishment, the natural penalty of souls that perish. Both these states *materially* are states of punishment, for they partake of the *pœna damni*; but *formally* this penalty is modified by the fact, that the supernatural damnific vision is withheld, and that in neither can men know what is the supernatural glory which they have failed to gain.

I repeat, then, the conclusion of my former letter, that mankind *in hac providentiâ*,—in the present scheme of Providence,—is divided into two great categories—those in a state of nature, and those in a state of grace; that both have their own destinies; and that in the natural order "great and noble ends" are proposed to virtue. I showed that St. Alphonsus deduces from St. Thomas a theory on the natural reward of unbaptised infants, and quotes St. Augustine, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Gregory of Nyssa, to prove that there may be "a middle sentence between reward and punishment." If very little is said on this subject by Christian writers, the omission is easily accounted for. Christians are taken out of the state of nature, and have no longer to look for natural, but for supernatural reward or punishment: for them the state of nature no longer exists; for them the one object to be desired is the beatific vision; the loss of this, the *pœna damni*, is their hell: all natural reward, power over the whole universe, insight into all the secrets of nature, would be mere misery to one who had once tasted of the heavenly gift, and had lost it for ever; the remembrance of what he had forfeited would embitter that which to a man who had never been favoured with a glimpse of the supernatural world might be the highest conceivable happiness.

No wonder, then, that the saint who has once had a foretaste of the vision of God should reckon all natural reward, since it lacks this one crowning jewel, to be no better than eternal death. It would be eternal death to the man who was aware of the miserable exchange he had made. Still the natural reward remains a true reward, a real happiness, to the man who never had the supernatural gift of faith in this world or of vision in the next: "No one," says St. Alphonsus, quoting St. Thomas, "feels pain for the want of that good of which he is not capable—no one grieves that he cannot fly, no private person is unhappy because he is not emperor."

Hence Christian writers, and notably the great popular theologian of mediæval Italy, Dante the poet, make no scruple of transferring the whole hades of Virgil, with its Elysian fields, as well as its torrents of flaming pitch, into the Christian Inferno. In the Dantesque hell all is not misery; the plains of asphodel and the garlands of amaranth, which constitute the joys of Elysium, are not wanting there. In its first circle we hear sounds not of mourning, but of sighs, of sorrow, not of torment,—of desire without hope, not of positive pain; but in this negative place there is an oasis, "a noble castle begirt with seven walls, enclosing a meadow of fresh verdure, where grave-eyed spirits speak weighty words of wisdom," and where all the notabilities of heathen and infidel lands are collected—"an open, luminous, and lofty place, a place of rest and of quiet; secluded from the tremulous sighs of the first circle, as well as separated from the torments of the lower depths." Dante's poem, let it be remembered, was the text-book of professors in universities, and the fount of philosophical learning for the people; though his book *De Monarchiâ* was placed on the index, this condemnation was never extended to the "Divine Comedy;" on the contrary, Bellarmine himself undertook to vindicate the orthodoxy of the poet.* Here, then, is a Christian admission that the Elysian rewards which the philosophers of paganism placed before the eyes of their disciples were real and substantial, were things actually attainable in the natural order, and were well worth the trouble of seeking. An admission which has been for centuries in all men's mouths, has been accepted as theological truth, has been taught in universities, and has never yet received the note of ecclesiastical suspicion or censure. I conceive, then, that I have perfect right as a Catho-

* See Ozanam, "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au 13^{me} siècle, part iii. c. v., Orthodoxie de Dante." Dante identifies this place with the Limbus Patrum from which our Lord rescued the patriarchs; it is, then, the "Abraham's bosom" of Scripture, though Abraham has departed from it.

lic, not only to hold this opinion, but to blazon it to the universalist as *the* Catholic doctrine on the subject.

Dante, however, introduces an element of *unhappiness*, which St. Alphonsus eliminates when he supposes that the unregenerate infants desire no more than they have; he does not contemplate the idea, that at the Day of Judgment they will have a momentary glimpse of the Judge in His own Divine nature, and that this remembrance will embitter eternity with hopeless longing: for though then "every eye shall see Him, even those who pierced Him," yet only those who "are like Him" shall "see Him as He is." Rather he holds that, "in order to know what he has lost, the infant would require the gift of supernatural faith;" for supernatural faith in this life is the *sine quâ non*, the necessary training for even a momentary vision of God in the next. Hence the real damnatic vision is only possible to those who have received the supernatural grace of the Redeemer, and have abused it. Here then, again, I differ from Dr. Brownson, who holds that "man, as he is, has no complete natural beatitude, and the actual wants of his soul cannot be satisfied with any thing less than the beatific vision;" that he has, prior to faith, "desires both to know and to love which transcend the whole natural order." From this it would certainly follow, that man, having once attained his natural end, and having nothing more to gain, would for all eternity be beating his breast against the bars of his cage, in vain attempts to pass beyond. But then, this final perfection and eternal changelessness belongs to the supernatural, not to the natural order. Man, as long as he continues in nature, is mutable; once introduce immutability, and you have conjured in the supernatural.* In the natural

* In ancient paganism the celestial spaces above the sphere of the moon were supposed to be the abode of the unchangeable, the ever-identical, and were therefore peopled by eternal, immutable beings or gods; beneath the moon all was supposed to be mutable, and the mundane elements intrusted to the care of inferior demons. The language introduced and sanctioned by this philosophical idea finds its place in the Scriptures, in the formularies of the Church and in the writings of the Fathers. We read of the angel of the sun, of the angelic "morning stars," and the like; while the "powers of the air," the "rulers of this world, and of this darkness" (Eph. vi. 12), are devils banished from the face of God. The exorcisms of the Church presuppose that the whole mass of material nature is haunted by these; and it is eminently in accordance with ecclesiastical and patristical language to hold that God makes use of the ministry of banished spirits to conduct the wilder operations of nature, such as storm and earthquake. Now, is it not remarkable that this is the very end so much coveted by modern philosophers? Read any book of geology or astronomy, and you will probably find some expression of a hope to be more familiar with these matters after death. To look on God face to face is *not* the one cherished aim of the philosopher; but to be mixed up in the sphere of the mutable, to have power in the world of nature, and to have an insight into the mysteries of the machine of the universe.

order, therefore, the indefinite is, to all intents and purposes, equal to the infinite. Man can have no purely natural aspirations which may not be satisfied, if not finally, at least provisionally, successively, and progressively, by the indefinite, that is, by nature; which, though absolutely finite, is relatively to us illimitable, and therefore as good as infinite. Man's natural power is in action, not in passive enjoyment. "Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing," says Shakespeare. "Strength of mind is exercise, not rest," says Pope. Natural speculation ceases to be wisdom as soon as it has attained its object, and enunciated its results in a formula; when it has finished its business it is paralysed and dies. We exist only as we energise; we must use each end that we gain only as a mean towards a further end. Granting, then, that among our natural instincts and desires there is one tending to the supernatural, nothing prevents a wonderful natural happiness, though at any given moment it may be said that this, the highest and noblest of the natural instincts, remains unsatisfied. Till it is instructed, the so-called instinct of the supernatural is a vague and undefined desire; and the supernatural can only be taught by the gift of faith; previous to this gift, the instinct, though active, is blind.

But its blind action, instead of producing a passive apathy or a hopeless desire, only contributes, like the uneasiness caused by the vague impulses of other uninformed capacities, to the stock of our natural power; to that mass of formless energy which is always ready to be applied to any purpose. Every physiognomist knows that the marks of animal passions, the massive neck and jaw, and the heavy hind-head, become, in men who restrain their evil propensities, the characteristics of decision, firmness, and power. A man is not necessarily unhappy because his blind impulses drive him continually onwards, and compel him to feel dissatisfied with all that he has done, and to do something that as yet he has not been able to reach. So far from continual progress necessarily implying the idea of misery, it is the definition which naturalistic philosophers give of the happiness of the human race. Progress is their watchword, both for the individual and for society.

I do not imagine that what I have advanced is unauthorised by the symbolic documents of the Church. In them we find the state of nature most distinctly separated from the state of grace; we find it asserted that there is a natural law, which man partially, and for a time, fulfils without the supernatural grace of God; a natural knowledge of God, to which he can attain without the gift of faith, and a natural love of God, which he can exhibit without being made a partaker of the Holy

Spirit. We are bound to allow (otherwise we assert the 61st and 62d condemned propositions of Baius) that there is a two-fold way of fulfilling the law,—one by moral virtue, another by supernatural grace, which alone merits heaven ; we are obliged to acknowledge that the words of the apostle (Rom. ii.), “ The Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things of the law,” may be understood of the Gentiles who have not the gift of faith (22d prop. of Baius). We must allow that there is a natural knowledge of God which does not come from the grace of Christ (see the 41st prop. of Quesnel) ; and that there are two kinds of love : natural, whereby God is loved as the author of nature ; and gratuitous, or of grace, whereby God is loved as the giver of beatitude (see the 34th prop. of Baius).

There is, then, for the state of nature a natural law, a code of natural virtues, the practice of which does not imperatively require the supernatural grace of God. Baius (prop. 36) was condemned for denying “ a natural love which arises from the natural powers ;” for saying that it was Pelagian (prop. 37) to acknowledge that natural virtues have their origin in the powers of nature only ; and for affirming that all love of the rational creature is either sinful concupiscence or supernatural love (prop. 38) ; and again, for saying that every action of a sinner is sinful. Hence, every Christian virtue has its natural counterpart ; there is a natural as well as supernatural love, hope, faith, trust, fortitude, justice ; in substance the acts may be identical, in mode and motive they may differ ; the Christian performs them by divine grace, and by them merits heaven ; the Gentile performs them by his own powers, and merits—what?—Hell ? God forbid !

“ Not every action which the slave of sin commits is a sin.” Let us, for hypothesis’ sake, suppose the case of a man in the state of nature, therefore under the bondage of original sin, committing the minimum of sin, and performing the maximum of natural good works. What becomes of him ? Do you say he goes to hell ? You cannot say he goes to heaven, because it is of faith that no one can inherit eternal life except he is aggregated to the Church during his life here ; that though he gave all his goods to feed the poor, and shed his blood for the Christian religion, he cannot enjoy the beatific vision unless he died in the communion of the Church (Bull of Eugenius IV., *Cantate Domino*). No good work, however great, done without the grace of adoption, is meritorious of a supernatural reward ; the good works of the children of adoption receive their meritoriousness, not from their conformity to the law, but simply from the Spirit who inhabits the hearts of the faithful, and whose grace co-operates in the works. Mere

obedience to the law, however far carried, however perfect, is not even in the road to beatitude (*in ordine ad beatitudinem*). He that is not an adopted child of God cannot by his own works aspire to the inheritance of the adoption: the eagle cannot by its own strength lift itself above the atmosphere in which it flies; man cannot lift himself from the earth by the hair of his own head; nature cannot by its own powers aspire to the supernatural, but it can by its own strength aspire to the "great and noble ends" which the author of nature has proposed to its endeavours.

In using this language, I by no means subscribe to the Pelagian doctrine, that man can keep the law of nature without grace. When I say "nature, by its own strength," I mean nature without the supernatural grace of God, without the *gratia Redemptoris*, not absolutely without all divine assistance. The obscurity of this language comes from what may perhaps be an oversight of theologians. It is this: in the opening of tracts upon grace, "natural grace," such as that of "creation, preservation, and the like," is distinguished from "supernatural grace," that of "predestination, vocation, justification, glorification." Then the former member of the division is dropped, and the writer goes on to talk only of the latter, warning his readers that thenceforth whenever he uses the word *grace* he means this supernatural gift exclusively.

Hence it has become the fashion to talk of acts of moral virtue being performed without grace—that is, without the supernatural gift which renders them meritorious of eternal life; no other grace has been contemplated, and therefore the natural grace which enables a man to observe the law of nature in order to a natural reward only is called the power of nature, *vires naturæ*, even in the symbolic language of the Church. But still we must hold, I think, that even for acts of natural virtue a free and gratuitous co-operation on God's part is requisite; a co-operation which, though it does not raise the person above the state of nature, enables him to fulfil his duties in that state. "Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, descending from the Father of lights." Pelagius was condemned for holding that man can by his own will fulfil the law of God, whether that written by nature in the heart or that revealed in Scripture. Yet, on the other hand, grace, in the usual theological sense, is not requisite for the acts of natural morality; which acts are performed, as St. Paul tells us, by the Gentiles who have not the law; therefore, besides the theological grace, the supernatural gift of God, there is a natural co-operation of God with the virtuous man, which enables him to fulfil the law of nature, and to attain to

the natural reward. To say that he cannot perform moral acts of virtue without grace, the *gratia Liberatoris*, is to assert a condemned proposition; and yet these acts are good. It is of faith that the virtuous acts of pagans are truly virtuous; it is heretical to maintain with the Anglicans that the virtuous acts of the unregenerate have the nature of sin. St. Augustine says (serm. 349, *de Charit.*), "Between divine love, which leads to the kingdom, and unlawful human love, which is condemned, we must allow lawful human love, which is not blamed." Here, then, is something morally blameless and good; here is something resulting not from the spontaneous action of our natural organisation, but from the struggle of the will and conscience against that organisation; here is a victory of the will over the recalcitrant passions, resulting in a great, perhaps an heroic, act of self-sacrifice at the altar of duty; and shall we give grace no share in it? Does He, in whom we live and move and are, absent Himself from this one conflict, of all possible human acts the one most worthy of His acceptance and co-operation? The idea is worse than Pelagian,—it is pagan. It is the doctrine of Cicero (*De Nat. Deor.* iii. 63), but not of any Christian teacher. "All men," says the Roman orator, "believe that external prosperity comes from the gods; but no man ever conceived his virtue to be a gift received from God; and rightly, for we deserve to be praised for our virtue, we take a proper pride in it, which could not be if we had it from God, not from ourselves; this is the judgment of all men, that they must seek fortune from God, and quarry their wisdom from their own minds." The pagan blasphemy of this position carries its own refutation to Christian intelligences. And in contradiction to it, I conclude that there is a natural grace, which, without raising a man to the supernatural order, enables him to conform to the law of nature, and to obtain his natural end.

Natural religion is therefore a reality; it has a theology of its own; it is of this that St. Paul speaks (Acts xv. 16): "God never left Himself without witness, doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and joy;" for this testimony is simply natural, gives no information of the supernatural end of man, and cannot raise him to the supernatural order. Again (Rom. i. 20), "His invisible (attributes), from the creation of the world, are beheld by means of the things that are made; as also His eternal power and divinity." Here again the testimony of creatures is no foundation for supernatural faith; therefore the theology which St. Paul speaks of is natural. And, as natural religion has its own evidence and its own creed, so it

has its own law, that of moral virtue, obedience to which is possible without supernatural grace, but not without some grace. And it has its own reward: an eternal natural contemplation of God, as St. Alphonsus allows, and a progressive insight into nature; perhaps an administration of some of the powers of the material universe.*

Objectively, the division between natural and revealed religion is most precise; subjectively, with regard to the persons in each scheme, the two systems communicate with each other.† One God presides over both; one Word is the light of men, who illuminates all; one Redeemer gives efficacy to repentance and expiation in the natural as well as in the supernatural system; natural and supernatural grace are streams from the same fountain, though they do not conduct to the same ocean. It is impossible to say of any given virtuous heathen whether he acts by the light of faith, by supernatural

* The "Limbus" for which I am contending is no other than "*locus ille inferorum in quo animæ decedentium cum solâ originali culpâ, pœnâ damni, citra pœnam ignis puniantur,*" the assertion of which Pius VI., in his brief against the synod of Pistoia, art. 26, clears from the imputation of Pelagianism, and which he distinguishes from "*locus ille et status medius expers culpæ et pœnæ inter regnum Dei et damnationem æternam, qualem fabulabantur Pelagiani.*" The place of natural reward is within the region of the *pœna damni*; therefore in hell, not between hell and heaven: it is not "without fault," for man there is degraded from the destiny for which he was originally intended, and, as applied to original sin, "fault" means "degradation;" nor "without pain," since it has the greatest of all penalties, the *pœna damni*. But this penalty, though materially present, is to all intents abrogated by the want of the supernatural knowledge which gives it its form.

† I do not mean that men can at pleasure migrate from the state of nature to the state of grace, or *vice versâ*; I only assert, that to us the boundary between them is uncertain. As we cannot tell but what a virtuous heathen may be in a state of grace, so we cannot tell whether a person who, though baptised in infancy, has been educated in ignorance of, or in hatred to, religion, may not be looked upon by God as in a state of nature. As to the assertion that the Blood of the Redeemer gives efficacy to repentance in the natural order, we know, in the first place, that His kingdom extends over many economies, over many worlds, that mankind is but as one sheep out of a hundred rational natures subject to this rich Shepherd (see St. Cyril and St. Ambrose on Luke xv. 4, apud St. Thom. Cat. Aur.). We know, too, that His blood has wider applications than to human beings only. "Heavenly things" are purged by it (Heb. ix. 23). Why may it not be efficacious downwards as well as upwards, in a lower order as well as in superior states? Even inanimate nature sympathised with the death of the Redeemer; the same persons who hold that the beasts became more bestial by the fall cannot refuse to admit that they may in some unexplained way receive a benefit from the redemption. Why, then, refuse to admit, that on men in the state of nature it has a direct special efficacy, which, though not transferring the person from the natural to the supernatural order, yet authorises and gives validity to natural sorrow and penitence? "Without blood-shedding there is no remission;" yet the voice of nature and of conscience teaches that sin is pardonable. To say that God cannot pardon sin in the state of nature without raising the sinner to the state of adoption, is to deny the reason and conscience of the whole pagan world, which distinctly affirmed the efficacy of penance and expiation, but which had no glimpse of the supernatural order.

grace, in order to the beatific vision, or only by the light of nature, by natural grace, in order to a natural reward. Here we touch on the mystery of God's predestination. Of two pagans, apparently equally virtuous, one is chosen, the other left. Of two infants, one dies baptised, the other unregenerate. But pagan virtue will not lose its reward, nor will the infant unstained by actual sin be tormented. There is no respect of persons, no unfair favour with God. All good, whether in the natural or supernatural order, will be rewarded far beyond its deserts, or even its wildest dream. God is just; He is not the hard-hearted father that Calvin represents Him to be. Though He does not call all to the adoption of the kingdom, He leaves none in hopeless misery, except after their proper probation. He is not a rich man who starves his children; but He uses His right, and brings them up to what state and profession He chooses, guided by His infallible judgment of the dispositions of each. God may leave His creatures in the natural order, or exalt them to the supernatural, without any one having the right to ask why He does it. But in these respective orders He is bound to give them whatever assistance they need for the attainment of their end. And this assistance I firmly believe that He does give with infinite liberality.

Here, then, I come to the conclusion at which I arrived in my former letter, that original sin comes not by propagation, is nothing positive residing either in the soul or in the flesh, but is caused by the decree of the all-merciful God, who places us on a level, because we should infallibly break our necks on the heights. If sin is propagated, why do we only inherit Adam's sin, not Noe's, or that of our immediate parents? St. Augustine (*Enchiridion*, c. 47) finds no reason in the thing itself; but ascribes it to the "tempering moderation of God's *mercy*, lest those on whom the grace of regeneration is not conferred should in their eternal damnation be oppressed by too heavy a burden, if they were obliged by their origin to contract liability for the sins of all their ancestors since the creation; but whether any other reason for a thing of so great consequence may or may not be found, after a diligent examination of the Scriptures, is more than I can take upon me to say." Ultimately the whole system must be referred to God's mercy; for it is a mystery quite inexplicable on any principles of nature or natural morality. But instead of bringing in God's mercy only when it is a question why we do not inherit the degradation of our immediate parents as well as that of Adam, I would bring it in from the first, and use it as the all-sufficient account of our being

made to inherit Adam's degradation,—that fall which *inest unicuique proprium*, which each individual partakes, inasmuch as he is a being with faculties originally formed for the supernatural, but forced to content himself with the natural.

Neither must we deny great excellence to the capacities of fallen man. All that theologians deny him is the ability to fulfil absolutely the law of nature: he may keep from each individual crime; but to continue steadfast in all good through his whole life they deny to be within the compass of man in the state of nature: that is, they only deny him the altitude of those rare Christian saints who have never since their baptism fallen into mortal sin. As for any amount of strength of moral virtue, they are ready to concede it. It was a pagan who gave the precept,

“ Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuriam tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.”

“ Though the tyrant torture you to make you tell a lie, yet believe it to be the height of crime to prefer life to honour, and for the sake of living to forfeit all that makes life worth having.” In fact, heathen virtue is so strong in fortitude, that I am sometimes reminded, when I compare the conduct of Christians with that of men of the world, of a monk's remark in reference to a person's vocation to the religious life: “ I think he has a vocation; he is too weak to live in the world.” We unquestionably often see more innate nobility of character in infidels than in Christians; and we only make ourselves contemptible when, with Jansenists like Tillemont, we refuse to allow the name of virtue to an act of Gentile heroism. A semi-arian bishop, Mark of Arethusa, delivered himself to the pagans to save his fellow-Christians. “ The fact,” says Tillemont (*Hist. Eccl.* vii. 370), “ is too well supported to admit of a doubt; but it is no small difficulty to know whether this fortitude were a virtue purely human, like that of the *Reguli*, the *Scævolæ*, and other heroes of paganism, *which, in reality, was only an effect of pride*; or whether it were a Christian virtue, a gift of grace, and an operation of the charity that makes men saints. For the foundation of true virtue is true faith, without which it is impossible to please God: as likewise it is impossible that true virtue should not please Him.” The historian would not acknowledge that a pagan might have true virtue, which deserved its natural reward.

Nothing that I have said will justify the conclusion that a man can blamelessly refuse to be raised from the natural to the supernatural platform when grace is offered him. While

man's instincts for the supernatural are uninformed and blind, he is obliged to content himself with the natural; but when these instincts are once illumined by supernatural grace, he is raised to a state above nature, and can only look forward to a supernatural destiny, whether of bliss or of torment. Moreover, the man in the state of nature, if he obeys the dictates of his reason, and his instinct for the supernatural, must be always inquiring, always seeking after truth. If he refuses to do so, or to listen to the man who can show probable credentials of a Divine mission, he commits one of the greatest possible crimes against the natural law in thwarting the highest natural instinct.

This view of original sin will also give us a consistent and reasonable view of the scheme of Divine Providence with regard to society. "Why," ask philosophers of a certain school, "did God place man on the earth, when He knew that he would fall? Is it not much more rational to suppose that he was introduced into the animal world—which up to the time of his creation had through myriads of ages been gradually progressing from the lowest to the highest types of animal life—not with a sudden jerk, not with such an immeasurable interval as is implied in the sudden introduction of the angel-like Adam and Eve, but with a slight step, an advance on the monkey little greater than that of the ape beyond the genus next below it? It would be more in accordance with analogy that man should come in as a link in a series, as natural science teaches, than as a magnificent solecism, a grand exception, utterly unlike any thing else in nature. Man, on this view, has only progressed, he has never fallen; he began as a naked savage in the woods, little removed from the ourang-outang; by his superior cerebral organisation he has gradually advanced to what he is. According to the Christian view, he was exceptionally introduced into a world that had for ages been governed by the most uniform laws,—introduced as an angel, wise, powerful, and good, only to become almost immediately more devil than angel, foolish, weak, and criminal."

Now so far as man is only animal, there is no reason for denying the progress here asserted. In the natural point of view, Adam is simply the highest link in the animal series; he was not a civilised man; he had no notion of mechanics, or cookery, or music, or painting, or sculpture; he only knew what God revealed to him. There is no reason for denying that natural acquirements, as distinguished from supernatural, were at their minimum in Adam, and have made enormous progress since his time.

Man, then, *quà* animal, was to follow the progressive law of the animal creation; but *quà* more than animal, as rational being, as a being made for the supernatural, he was not left gradually to discover in the course of generations the existence and the destiny of his soul. His creation was a miracle; it can hardly be called a separate wonder if his higher nature was from the first brought out by an abnormal method into prominence, in order that there might afterwards be no possibility of mistake concerning it. He had the supernatural gift, to show him what his nature was intended for; then he was allowed to lapse into the mere animal condition, in order that it might redound to the glory of God of such stones to raise up successors to the fallen cherubim. The paradisaic state was a primitive revelation, showing what man was meant for, what he might become. In after-ages all religion, all culture, and all civilisation, were founded on the tradition of this state, were the organised endeavours of man to recall the golden age. If Adam had never possessed the gift, such tradition would have been impossible; man introduced as an animal would have remained so; he would have resigned himself contentedly to his lot, would have used his reason for the sole end of fortifying and assisting his animal instincts, of circumventing his enemies, and pleasing himself. It would not have struck him that his miseries and subjection to mortality imported degradation, any more than the natural sufferings of other animals, their hunger and thirst, their ferocity and bloody passions, implied that they had fallen from a higher state. He would have accepted his subjection to starvation, to labour, and to chance, as patiently as the elephant or the sheep. It was only the tradition of a better state that made man perceive the evils of the present, and set himself to amend them.

Without an original supernatural state and a subsequent fall, no material or moral progress would have been possible; no great exhibition of God's power, mercy, and goodness, in raising man from an animal to an angelic condition, and, above all, no redemption. *O certe necessarium Adæ peccatum, O felix culpa*—O happy fall, out of whose rotten carcass God has produced such sweetness! Why should God have withheld His hand from creating man because He foreknew his fall, when He intended to use his fall to such great ends, unless, as the Calvinists and Jansenists teach, the creation involved such a mass of hopeless misery as to make it an act of injustice to build the happiness of a few on the tortures of so many?

But this idea is obviated by the present view of original

sin, and of the natural end of man. The extremity of supernatural punishment is confined to those who have abused full knowledge and supernatural grace ; to the devil and his angels, to Judas, for whom it would have been better never to have been born ; for apostate Christians, for sinners against the light. But the regions of the *pœna damni*, where God is not seen, contain all grades, from this depth of despair to the Elysian happiness of the inmates of Dante's seven-walled castle. For most it will be better to be than not to be—

“That knowledge which as spirits we obtain
Is to be valued in the midst of pain ;
Annihilation were to lose heaven more :
We are not quite exiled where thought can soar.”

Thus says Dryden ; and the reason of humanity goes with him. The human heart does not acquiesce in *infinite* pain, simply because the offender is infinitely removed from the person offended. It does not accept the dictum that “the disorder of a finite being lifting itself against the Infinite demands an infinite chastisement.” My reason tells me the reverse. If I am insulted, I do not feel myself growing more angry in proportion to the folly or ignorance of the person who insults me. A king would overlook a gesture of disrespect in a low fellow, which he must punish in a courtier. It would be the most fantastic absurdity to maintain the reverse. Therefore I make bold to say, that when Adam, who was a courtier of God, committed an outrage upon Him, He removed him from His court, He degraded him to be a peasant, in order that in this low state it might not be necessary to animadvert upon all his breaches of good conduct ; and that infinite purity might be able to wink at ignorance and depravity. Sin is not an infinite offence, because of the nothingness of him who commits it ; on the contrary, sin is the greater the nearer the sinner is to the Infinite. The higher the tower the deeper the fall ; the greatness of the sin is not measured by the distance, but by the proximity of the sinner to the person sinned against. The ratio of its magnitude varies inversely, not directly, with the distance. Sin is only infinite when by grace the sinner has been made partaker of the Divine nature. It is the rebellion of the child against the father, not that of the nothing against the Infinite, which constitutes the *gravamen* of sin.

I have, dear sir, in these pages addressed myself to some very difficult subjects which I have not found professedly treated in the books which I have read. I do not suppose that I have been happy enough to escape errors in my argu-

ment—perhaps not in my conclusions ; but I hereby profess myself ready to retract any thing which is contrary to the decision of the Holy See, or that of any competent Catholic authority.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

R. P. S.

THE WHITE DEER :

A Catholic Legend

TRANSLATED INTO HEXAMETERS.

Low in a lonely valley there lay an abbey in ruins,
Like a wreck on the shores of time, thrown up from an ocean of
ages,—

Ages murmuring still of injuries many and mournful.

There was the grass-grown nave, unroofed, and shattered in fragments :

There were the chapters shrouded in masses of evergreen ivy.

Walls still stood,—and yet tottering,—rifting up to their windows ;

Where through the hollow casements none looked out but the night-owl,

Soul of a monk, as he seemed, when he sat alone in the moonlight.

Sad was the scene to all but the lovers of nature and silence ;

Yet to them most grateful,—when prayer or deep meditation

Craved communion with heaven in uninterrupted seclusion.

Close to an archway neglected,—where once an altar of Mary,

Mother of God, and Immaculate, thrilled a thousand affections,

Years had spared her image,—though stained and worn were its features.

There it remained, to many a slighted memento of mercy ;

Dear alone to some faithful few,—the children of fathers

Mouldering in dust around beneath the grass and the harebells.

Ah ! it was fair to behold, when at sunset one and another

Stole to the spot with their beads, and invoked the glorious Virgin,—

Scorned as she was by a puritan, prim, and proud generation ;

Cromwell then ruling the land with his rod of vengeance and iron.

Many a holy pile had his myrmidons sacked in their fury :

Many a goodly cross had they cast down crushed on the pavement :

Many a pictured shrine had their hands defaced without pity.

Part of a rich estate, these ruins had for their master

Richard, Lord Delaroche, from the Catholic creed an apostate ;

Oliver sparing his farms as the price of his guilty secession.

Long had he wandered abroad to soothe the scourges of conscience,

Lost in the arms of luxury, drunkenness, women, and wassail ;
 Weary at length, come back to live on his numerous manors.

Where is the skill that can lull to rest the writhings of conscience ?
 Where is the charm that can silence the hiss of the serpent remorse-
 less

Coiled in the soul of a sinner unshriven and lost in transgression ?
 Lord Delaroche would have bartered his wealth for the peace of a
 swineherd !

Brave and bold was his brow, as he walked in his power and glory,
 Envied, and feared, and flattered by menials earning their wages :
 Horror involving his heart, amidst the stillness of midnight,—
 Fearfulness then unveiling the flames of the hell that consumed him.

Nothing remained but to plunge into seas of excess and excitement,—
 Harlotry, revel, and song,—when the sun sank below the horizon ;
 Horses, and hounds, and horns, so soon as he rose o'er the moun-
 tains.

Thrice in one season the huntsman had sworn that he saw in a cop-
 pice,

Feeding alone on the flowers, a deer of exquisite whiteness,
 Fleet as the winds when it fled and shook its magnificent antlers.
 Lord Delaroche then declared he would give a full guerdon in
 guilders

Down on the field to the knave who should ever discover the white
 deer.

Boys and men were always watching,—and watching for nothing ;
 All had tried, and failed, for in vain the covers were beaten ;—
 They could only say they had seen the swains who thought they
 had seen it.

Thus went the winter away ; and the spring had breathed on the
 winter,

Buds on the boughs appearing, and verdure clothing the valleys.
 Noon had reminded the baron to cool his steed at a fountain—
 Far as he was from his party thrown out in the chase, as they rode on,
 Making the hills resound ; for the loiterers summoned each other.
 Just ere they came in sight,—lo ! fresh from the bowery thickets,
 Free and fair, like a flash of light, there darted the white deer,
 Arrow of snow, as it seemed, in vanishing down the valley.

“Onward for life, and a thousand merks for the beautiful white
 deer !”

Shouted the Lord Delaroche, as the rocks re-echoed his summons :
 “Onward for life, and a thousand merks for the beautiful white
 deer !”

Answered at once the throats of a troop of galloping horsemen.
 On they rushed, like a torrent, over the hedges and meadows,—
 Over the briers and brakes,—or along the slippery margin
 Where the rivulet murmured its song of silvery music,

Gleaming and glancing through foliage framed in a shower of sunbeams.

Onward the hunters poured pell-mell,—hounds, horses, and riders,—

Swift as an avalanche down the steep;—none drew in his bridle;

“Onward for life, and a thousand merks for the beautiful white deer!”

Now were the dogs on his haunches; and now were they thrown out of order

Baffled and blown, one saw not how; when, at last, near the abbey
Breathless he sought the ruins,—and disappeared in a moment.

Homeward the hunters hied, with imprecations and curses:

Lord Delaroche was himself abashed, and inwardly marvelled

How on earth the game had escaped; but he pondered it deeply,

Fixed in his silent mind that at night he would seek for the secret.

Day had withdrawn in twilight, and labour was buried in slumber;

High in the firmament shone the crescent of Cynthia cloudless,—

Radiant, lovely, alone,—arrayed in the softness of beauty,

Hallowing the ruins around, and gilding their tips as she touched them.

Emblem of Mary! his soul would have said; but he had forsaken,—
He, the Lord Delaroche,—that dear and Immaculate Mother!

Yet he looked upward and sighed; for surely some heavenly feeling
Stole o’er his heart of stone as he stealthily entered the abbey.

Where was the faith of his fathers, which he had disgraced and abandoned?

What were his hopes of heaven, but, like this abbey, in ruins?

So he advanced, and wept; for there in the sheen of the moonbeams

Stood the statue of Mary, Immaculate Mother of Mercy;

Just as though, wrapt in love, it had come from the glory supernal,

Lighting the prodigal home to the shrine of peace and salvation:

So he fell down on his knees, and murmured an *Ave Maria*!

Then from the thickets around there bounded into the ruins

Gently, with footsteps so soft that they only seemed like a shadow

Falling on dewy harebells, the white deer, full in his beauty.

Peerless his outline appeared, as to purity more than a mortal,

Essence of symmetry, seen in the magical mirror of fancy;

Antlers adorned his brow, with lofty and wonderful branches

Blending their summits within the bloom of an Iris celestial,

Arching from one to the other; and in the fair centre suspended

Glowed a crimsoned cross, with the Crucified dying upon it!

Then and there did the moonlit hand of Immaculate Mary

Point to the pensive vision; as, prostrate in penitent sorrow,

Lord Delaroche had fallen, for ever to wonder and worship.

Soon as the morning arose, the baron assembled his people

Declaration to make of his plans resolved for the future.

Owning each past transgression, he meekly withdrew that denial
Which from the Church of God had severed his soul as apostate.
Then to a bishop he hastened, from whom, in lowly confession
Humbled and sweetly repentant, he sought and obtained absolution.
Then did he sell his estates ; and so far as wrongs could be mended,
Pardon he sued for from all, and amply made restitution ;
What remained went abroad, to be spent in founding a hospice.
Penances sharp he endured through many a lingering twelvemonth,
Scourges, and girdles, and chains, with haircloths and fastings un-
numbered.

Lastly, in peace he expired, anointed, and buried in ashes.

M. B.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN.

SIR,—So Mr. Macaulay thinks that Ecclesiastical Latin is very bad ; that the authors were very contemptible writers, and uttered gibberish highly offensive to all cultivated ears. I am aware that *de gustibus non est disputandum* ; but as Mr. Macaulay has begun the dispute, perhaps we may go on with it. Let us grant, then, that “ Ambrose and Gregory ” were very foolish persons ; yet, after all, they were not so bad as they might have been ; they were Italians, whereas they might have been Scotchmen ; they were priests, when they might have been lawyers ;—and if they had been both Scotchmen and lawyers, and if they had been translated to the Stuartian and Jacobite paradise of correct diction, what sort of Latin, I pray you, would they have written ? I am afraid that their “ Latin in the last stage of decay ” would have found that below the lowest depth there is still a lower deep, and that it was reserved for English and Scotch lawyers to fathom this wonderful profound. As I suppose very few of your readers are aware of the curious stuff, “ not merely bad writing, but senseless gibberish,” which such learned limbs exuded, perhaps you will allow me to exhibit a few authentic specimens. Let us suppose some presentment at a court baron, temp. Jac. I. “ Presentatum est,” we might read, “ quod A. B. yeoman consultavit, provocavit, procuravit, incitavit et abet-tavit quendam C. D. unam equam de catallis cujusdam E. F. adtunc et ibidem inventam verberare, vulnerare, et fugare, ac cum quodam cane, valente x. solidos, mordere, ita quod ratione prædict. verberationis, fugationis, vulnerationis, morsus ejus-dem equæ, adtunc et ibidem interiit pred’ equa, et alia enor-mia ei intulit, ad grave dampnum pred’ E. F., et contra pacem domini regis, coronam et dignitatem suas.”

Again: Presentatum est quod constabularius hundredi de A. et ballivus manerii B. levaverunt magnum hutesium et exclamationem (*Ang.* a hue and cry) post quendam C. D. felonem domini regis; et quod in vico Xprehenderunt eum, sed quod predict' C. D., cum magno comitatu communium bibonum, tipulatorum, et aliorum infamosorum characterum, fecit affraiam contra predictos constabularium et ballivum, traxitque sanguinem de naso predic' ballivi. Nihilominus predict' ball. et constab. seizaverunt predict. C. D. et hancuffiaverunt eum; sed quod supervenit quidam E. F. et ex malitiâ prepensatâ vi et armis rescussit predict' C. D. et largum ire permisit, contra pacem, &c.

Another: Præsentatum est quod A. B. incrochiavit super vastum domini manerii de C., et nuper erexit unum cottagium super unam peciam terræ quam abstraxit de vasto predict. absque titulo sive clameo; item quod est quædam guttera ducens a cottagio predict' sive coquina ejusdem A. B. per quam sordida sive fetosa aqua a dict. coquina est conducta in regiam viam ad grave nocumentum regiæ viæ et omnium carriagarum ultra eandem carriandarum per populum dni. regis. Item quod predict. A. B. quasdam arbores super vastum predictum crescentes loppavit, et loppas abscarriavit; item quod erexit quoddam sterquilinium adversus domum suam prope regiam viam, ad nocumentum populi domini regis et abstoppationem regiæ viæ prædictæ; et quod cum barganizasset abscarriare predictum sterquilinium et super se assumere, &c. On this point, however, A. B. ponit se super patriam.*

* It was presented that A. B., yeoman, advised, persuaded, procured, incited, and abetted a certain C. D. to beat, wound, drive, and with a certain dog, value ten shillings, to bite one mare of the chattels of a certain E. F., then and there found, so that by reason of the aforesaid beating, wounding, driving, and biting of the said mare, the mare aforesaid did then and there die, and other grave evils did unto him, to the grievous loss of the aforesaid E. F., and against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.

It was presented that the constable of the hundred of A. and the bailiff of the manor of B. raised a great hue and cry after a certain C. D., a felon of our lord the king; and that in X Lane they caught him; but that the aforesaid C. D., with a great company of common drunkards, and tipplers, and other infamous characters, made an affray against the said constable and bailiff, and drew blood from the nose of the bailiff aforesaid. Nevertheless the aforesaid constable and bailiff seized the said C. D. and handcuffed him; but that a certain E. F. supervened, and out of malice prepense by force of arms rescued the aforesaid C. D., and permitted him to go at large, against the peace, &c.

Presented that A. B. has encroached on the waste of the lord of the manor of C., and has lately erected one cottage upon a piece of land which he has abstracted from the waste aforesaid without title or claim. Also that there is a certain gutter leading from the aforesaid cottage or kitchen of the same A. B., by which foul or fetid water is brought from the said kitchen to the king's highway, to the grave damage of the said king's highway, and of all carriages to be carried across it by the people of our lord the king. Also that the said A. B.

This, we imagine, is almost enough of this Macaronic Latin; the only difficulty is to imagine that it was seriously meant to be Latin at all; this, however, is *the* Latin which English and Scotch lawyers thought good enough for their purpose till very recently, in which Mr. Macaulay himself would have written if he had lived about 150 years ago.

But now suppose "Ambrose and Gregory" had nourished the same reverence for Cicero, Lucretius, Terence, and Virgil which Mr. Macaulay professes, and had written in the style of these classical luminaries, how would they have expressed the dogmas of the Church? In this we are not left quite without evidence; we have ecclesiastical writings by people who could write Ciceronian and Virgilian Latin quite as well as Mr. Macaulay can write English; let us see what kinds of things they have written, and then let us compare this style with the genuine ecclesiastical manner which so much rouses the canny Scot's bile.

At the beginning of the Roman Pontifical there is a copy of verses which, for all I know, may be by Bembo, or Picus Mirandola, or Politian, or Desiderius Erasmus, or any other of your great scholars of the *renaissance*. It begins—

"Vos o pontifices, vos o sacra nomina mystæ,
Atque sacerdotes, vario quos ordine Divûm
Mancipat obsequiis ultro jurata voluntas"—

You, O pontiffs, you, O mystics, sacred names! and priests, whom, in various order, a will voluntarily sworn binds to the service of the Gods—

By which, literally understood, we learn that there are three orders of Christian priests—pontifices, mystæ, and sacerdotes—engaged in the worship of a plurality of Gods.

"— Vobis hæc sancta laborat
Religio, et Latii sancit decreta senatus"—

For you this holy religion labours, and the senate of Latium sanctions your decrees—

Hence we learn that it is not the decrees of the Church, but those of the Latian senate, which we obey.

"Multa docens, et quos præscribit Romula ritus
Infula, et antiquum templorum insistere morem"—

Teaching much, the rites which the tiara of Romulus prescribes, and to adhere to the ancient customs of temples—

As if the Pope derived from Romulus, not from St. Peter,

lopped certain trees growing on the waste aforesaid, and carried away the lops. Also that he, the said A. B., erected a certain dunghill against his house by the king's highway, to the injury of the people of our lord the king, and the stopping-up of the highway aforesaid; and that when he had bargained to carry away the aforesaid dunghill, and to take it upon himself, &c. But on this A. B. puts himself on his country.

and had to insist on the worship not of the churches, but of the temples;—to teach that it is the office of an exorcist to expel truculent genii with lustral incantation—"truces genios exturbare lustrali carmine"—carmen in classical language meaning magical incantation, and nothing else. To teach also that when a "mysta" dedicates a temple, "silicem inscriptum faustis pro more sequetur ominibus"—he is to follow the writing on the stone with lucky omens,—such as the flight of carrier-pigeons, or the inspection of the entrails of a pig. To teach also the "præsul" "verba potentia dicere," mighty magical words, if we are to translate according to classical rules.

Again :

"At cum templa scelus, sævique licentia ferri
Polluit impulsu tetro, furiisque nefandæ
Tisiphones, cessitque animo reverentia Divum,
Concipit ille preces, offensaque numina terris
Conciliat, redditque sacræ sua munia sedi,
Atque profanatos delubro instaurat honores"—

But when wickedness, or the license of the cruel steel, has polluted the temples with nasty assault, or with the furies of the impious Tisiphone, and the reverence of the gods has gone from the mind, then he (the præsul) conceives prayers, and reconciles the offended deities to the lands, and restores its office to the sacred seat, and renews the profaned honours of the fane.

The præsul also sprinkles "rore"—with dew—the "simulacra sancta Deorum"—the sacred images of the gods; while the crusader, more wonderfully still, throws blest darts among the infidels, "superis præeuntibus"—the gods going before him, and giving him a lucky omen of victory. Again, the man who fasts is not to eat till Sol directs his chariot downwards. If this Sol is one of the gods that went before the crusader, I only wonder how he could have shot so straight under the circumstances. Finally, I can only express a hope that the scholar who first called a Bishop a præsul, did not thereby seriously intend to call him the coryphæus of the Salii and Lupercals of the college of Mars; that he had in his eyes no reprehensible vision of peaceable and comfortable ecclesiastics with sacred shields on their arms, and those "lanigeros apices," or woolly things on their heads, which have led some critics into the erroneous notion of their nigger extraction, performing their gyrations through the streets of Rome with the Bishop at their head on a hot summer's day.

Well now, with all deference to Mr. Macaulay, in church I would much rather hear the mediæval Latin, which offends his ears so much, than this absurd classical jargon, which dresses up the Phidian Jove in the habit of a monk, puts

a mitre on the head of Silenus, and sets Pan to play the organ. These gods are only devils after all, and they writhe and grin and leer with horrible demoniac countenances when you force them to talk as if they were Christians. I would as soon attempt to baptise Beelzebub as to make Cicero preach a homily, or Ovid sing a hymn.

I must say that I prefer for this purpose a medium Latinity, unencumbered with pagan allusions, expressive of Christian ideas and modern turns of thought, yet carefully steering clear of the Macaronic rock against which the lawyers have run their comical craft.—I am, &c.

RICHARD AR WILLIAM.

Reviews.

MRS. FITZHERBERT AND GEORGE IV.

Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert. By the Hon. Charles Langdale. Bentley, London, 1856.

WE were once present at an interview between a Protestant lady and her son, when he informed her for the first time of his intention to become a Catholic. She immediately rang the bell and ordered a fly, with the exclamation, "My dear, you are leaving the Church by law established, and I insist on your going with me to consult our family lawyer." We were talking, on another occasion, with a Protestant about some scamp or other, whose conduct in money-matters had been more than questionable; and in the course of conversation he made the remark, that he could not call him a scamp till it was clearly proved that he had transgressed the law of the land. These two cases seem to us to typify the very general inability to distinguish between positive human law and the natural law of morals. Indeed, in countries where religion has ceased to exist, as was the case in France during the great revolution; or where it becomes a mere function of the state, as it is now in England and was in most pagan nations of antiquity, where the sovereign is both chief of the state and head of the religion,—men's minds become so accustomed to the supremacy of the state in every question, both moral and political, that they receive its dicta without any idea of resistance or objection. In old pagan nations men were consistent, for they deified the head of their state and religion—the only logical conse-

quence it is possible to arrive at on such premises; so was the National Convention in France, at least till Robespierre set up the worship of an *Etre Suprême*. Then was seen the folly of this *Etre Suprême* ruling the world according to the decrees the Convention was obliging enough to make for him. An amusing anecdote is told apropos to this in a French Life of Robespierre, published at Arras, his native town. Robespierre and Couthon were once taking a walk in the country, and in the course of it saw a countryman weeping bitterly. They went up to him, and the following colloquy took place between the three. *Robespierre*: "Qu'as-tu donc à te lamenter, citoyen?" *Le Paysan*: "Ma mère se meurt." *Couthon*: "Elle mourra demain, ta mère." *Le Paysan*: "Que dites-vous? ma pauvre mère!" and he burst into tears. *Robespierre*: "Tranquillise-toi, citoyen; l'immortalité de l'âme est décrétée; tu la rejoindras un jour." Now, if any English Protestant should peruse this article, he perhaps might exclaim, "We do not do any thing so absurd as that in England." The only answer we can make is: Indeed you do; *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*. You believe in God; you receive the Bible as your rule of faith, and you declare yourself able and qualified to interpret it; you proclaim the Pope a tyrant for daring to assert his authority in respect to the interpretation of those Holy Scriptures, although he shows you that authority, as we think, clearly defined in the very word of God in which you profess to believe; while, with the most glorious inconsistency, you submit to a far greater tyranny than you can say any Pope ever imposed on mankind. You allow your sovereign and legislature to make laws altering at their pleasure the law of God, without any authority, or shadow of authority, from Him for so doing—laws which no Pope, from St. Peter to Pius IX., have ever presumed to make: for they never *altered* the law of God; the only accusation even you can make against them is, that they have added to it. And mark your further inconsistency; for while proclaiming the right of every man to judge for himself what should be the rule of his faith and conduct by the word of God, most illogically do you deny him the right of acting upon that judgment when formed. Now what right have you to step in with your tyrannical laws (for laws are tyrannical when they are logically inconsistent with the first principles of the government that made them), and prevent him so doing? That you do so, the following is an instance. Two or three years ago a man was brought up before the magistrates for bigamy; he justified himself by saying that he had read in the Bible that David and other holy patriarchs had more wives than one, and he consi-

dered it his duty to follow their example. Now that man was consistent; not so the legislature that punished him. A law which at once does this, and proclaims the right of private judgment, is most unjust. And while on the subject of marriage, let us take it as a case in point as to the power your government pretends to exercise over you, and as to what you submit to from it—you, who reject God for your parliament, as the Jews of old rejected Him first for Saul, and at a more recent period for Cæsar. Now, if there is one thing more insisted on than another in the Holy Scriptures, it is the sanctity of the marriage-vow: "whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder." You certainly have not YET a general law sanctioning divorce, though your legislature passes private acts allowing it in particular instances, in other words, legalising what God has forbidden—adultery. Again, you contemptuously declare to be living in concubinage those who before God and His Church have solemnly made themselves one, unless all your petty tyrannical regulations have been complied with. Now, do you really think Almighty God will acknowledge your laws in heaven? or that He will judge mankind according to the decisions of your parliament? This is what you really do; you blasphemously make God a constitutional monarch, who has nothing else to do but register your decrees. You think, for instance, that He will acquit Princess Caroline of Brunswick of adultery with George IV., and condemn Mrs. Fitzherbert, because such is your law (the princess herself, however, was not of your opinion; for she one day said, "The only sin of adultery she had ever committed was with the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert"). If, on the contrary, that should happen which we Catholics know must happen, that God will impute no sin to Mrs. Fitzherbert for living with the Prince Regent as his wife, and will hold the Princess Caroline guilty of adultery with him—for we know He will ratify the decisions of that Church which He has said shall not err—how impotent and absurd, were it not for their blasphemy, will then appear the decrees of your English legislature!

You may say then, If this is the belief of Catholics, do you consider the Princess Charlotte of Wales illegitimate? and would you therefore not have acknowledged her right to the throne had she lived? "Yes," we answer, "we do consider her illegitimate; and yet we should have acknowledged her right. England has, since 1688, been really an elective monarchy, whatever certain people may say; for no sovereign can oppose hereditary right as a successful plea against English law, or the will of a majority of the English people; and we,

with this view, would respect the will of the majority of our fellow-citizens—the strange jumble of hereditary and elective right that exists in their minds notwithstanding, which we don't understand, and consider as inconsistent as the rest of their opinions."

But we forget that we are reviewing the life of Mrs. Fitzherbert. We hope our readers will excuse us the long preface we have been led on to write, and can only plead the necessity there seems to us of explaining certain views which most Protestants appear determined not to understand, and which even some Catholics are ignorant of. But before we begin with her, we must say a few words about the first amour of George IV., or, as he was in his younger days, the Prince of Wales.

The first time the prince appears before the world as a lover was in the character of Prince Florizel, making love to a Mrs. Robinson, an actress, who was married to a scamp of a lawyer's clerk, whom she supported by her profession. After a first interview, at which the Protestant Bishop of Osnaburg was present by way of propriety, and sundry other meetings between the pair alone afterwards, poor Perdita, as she was called from her celebrated character in the *Winter's Tale*, was undone, and Florizel gave her a bond for 20,000*l.*, to be paid when he came of age; but when he did come of age he was both too tired of the lady to cultivate any longer her acquaintance, and too fond of his money to part with the 20,000*l.*

The next time the prince appears on the stage as a love-stricken swain was at the age of twenty-three years, when the subject of our present article was the object of his desires; and while engaged in his pursuit of her, the ardent lover for the first time discovered that it was possible for a virtue to exist that could resist the will even of princes.

When the prince first became acquainted with Mrs. Fitzherbert she was living on Richmond Hill, and was the heroine of that popular ballad,

"I would crowns resign to call her mine,—
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

She was a Catholic, her maiden name Mary Anne Smythe, daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq. of Brambridge in the county of Hants. She was born in July 1756, and married in July 1775 Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle in the county of Dorset, who died in the course of the same year. She married, secondly, Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton in the county of Stafford, in the year 1778, who lost his life three years after in consequence of his exertions during Lord George Gordon's riots, by bathing whilst he was heated. She thus became a second time a widow before she had attained the age

of twenty-five years, with an independent income of 2000*l.* a year.

It is not surprising that a susceptible young prince, living so near her as Kew is to Richmond Hill, should have remarked and been captivated by the extraordinary beauty Mrs. Fitzherbert is said to have possessed even at a period late in life, or that this admiration should have led to an acquaintance, which first took place three years after the death of her second husband, namely, when she was twenty-eight years of age. Nor was this her first attention from royalty. Lord Stourton, whose narrative is quoted by his relative Mr. Langdale, and who, with Lord Albemarle, was named by Mrs. Fitzherbert as guardian of her papers, and to whom she intrusted all the history of her life, that he might vindicate her honour from any attack that might be made on it after her death, gives us the following anecdote:

“Attentions from royalty, as I have heard Mrs. Fitzherbert say, as if to prognosticate her future destinies, commenced with her at a very early age. Having accompanied her parents, while yet a child, to see the King of France at his solitary dinner at Versailles, and seeing Louis XV. pull a chicken to pieces with his fingers, the novelty of the exhibition struck her fancy so forcibly, that, regardless of royal etiquette, she burst into a fit of laughter, which attracted the royal notice, and his majesty sent her a dish of sugar-plums by one of his courtiers.”

Surrounded as she was by so many personal advantages, and sincerely attached to the memory of her late husband, she shrank from the splendid offer of marriage made her by the prince. She knew the difficulties to which this marriage would give rise, very much increased by her profession of the Catholic faith, and the penalties of *præmunire* that would therefore hang over all those implicated in the affair. She knew also that a law was in existence which deprived any prince who married a Catholic of his claim to the throne of England. But the attack was continued by the prince with such importunity, that she felt herself at last compelled reluctantly to yield:

“Keit the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie, arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the prince was in imminent danger; that he had stabbed himself; and that only *her* immediate presence would save him. She resisted, in the most peremptory manner, all their importunities, saying that nothing should induce her to enter Carlton House. She was afterwards brought to share in the alarm; but still, fearful of some stratagem derogatory to her reputation, insisted upon some lady of high character accompanying her as an indispen-

sable condition: the Duchess of Devonshire was selected. They four drove from Park Street to Devonshire House, and took her along with them. She found the prince pale and covered with blood. The sight so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The prince told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. I believe a ring from the hand of the Duchess of Devonshire was used upon the occasion, and not one of his own. Mrs. Fitzherbert, on being asked by me (Lord Stourton) whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not really the blood of his Royal Highness, answered in the negative, and said she had frequently seen the scar, and that some brandy-and-water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself."

In spite of Mrs. Fitzherbert's belief in the reality of the wound, we remain incredulous as to the attempt at suicide. We don't see what the brandy-and-water has to do with the matter at all; and Dr. Doran tells us that the prince, when he wished to engage the attention of any lady he was attached to for the moment, used to bleed himself, or to be bled, in order to look pale and interesting; and this version we think the more probable of the two.

After their interview with the prince, the party returned to Devonshire House, where a deposition of what had previously occurred was drawn up, signed, and sealed, and perhaps still remains there. The next day, after sending a letter to Lord Southampton, protesting against what had taken place, and that she was not a free agent, she retired to Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards to Holland; and the prince, on his side, to Lord Southampton's, to recover from his "wound," and for change of air. In Holland she received the greatest attention from the stadtholder and his family, one of whom, the Princess of Orange, who was at that time the object of negotiation from the royal family for the Prince of Wales, could she have known every thing that had taken place, must have considered her a most dangerous rival. As Mrs. Fitzherbert, however, was most sincere in her endeavours to break through her engagement, she was not the hypocrite she might have appeared to be in the confidential communications between herself and the princess touching the Prince of Wales. "She afterwards saw this princess in England, and continued to enjoy her friendship; but there was always a great coolness on the part of the stadtholder towards her."

She left Holland for France and Switzerland, and for another year continued to "fight off" a union fraught with such dangerous consequences to her peace and happiness.

The prince, however, was a most ardent lover, and sent her letter after letter (one of which contained thirty-seven pages, informing her, among other things, that his father would connive at their union) by couriers, who were so constantly on the road, that they excited the suspicion of the French government, and three of them were in consequence cast into prison. He even employed the Duke of Orleans as a medium of communication, to whom a sum of 25,000*l.*, deficient in the accounts rendered by the prince to his father, is supposed to have gone, though the actual service given for it had never been suspected before.

The love-letters, joined to the eloquence of *Egalité*, produced the desired effect. "Wrought upon, and fearful from the past of the desperation of the prince, she consented, formally and deliberately, to promise she would never marry any other person; and lastly, she was induced to return to England, and to agree to become his wife, on those conditions which satisfied her own conscience, though she could have no legal claim to be the wife of the prince." She came to England; and, having first insisted on those conditions being fulfilled, abandoned herself to her fate.

"Immediately after her return she was married to the prince according to the rites of the Catholic Church in this country; her uncle Harry Errington and her brother Jack Smythe being witnesses to the contract, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated at the ceremony. No Roman-Catholic priest officiated. A certificate of this marriage is extant in the handwriting of the prince, and with his signature and that of Mary Fitzherbert. The witnesses' names are added; but at the earnest request of the parties, in a time of danger, they were afterwards cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law."

This is of the less consequence, as a letter from the prince is still extant, in which he thanks God that the witnesses to their union were still living; two other documents are also preserved, one the letter of the officiating clergyman, and the other with the signature and seal, but not in the handwriting of the prince, in which he repeatedly terms her his wife.

We must here break off our narrative to say a few words to our readers on the difficulty there is of making Protestants understand the real doctrines of the Catholic Church on marriage, or, indeed, on any other subject. Hear, for instance, what Lord Holland says in his memoirs: "She," Mrs. Fitzherbert, "knew the marriage to be invalid in law. She thought it nonsense, and told the prince so. In proof that such had been her uniform opinion, she adduced a very striking

circumstance, namely, that no ceremony by a Roman-Catholic priest took place at all,—the most obvious method of allaying her scruples, had she had any." Let our readers mark what scruples these are—the 'scruples of living with a man who was not her husband. And so the fair fame of a lady is to be taken away, because a Whig nobleman don't choose to take the trouble to understand what he is writing about. How often have Catholic writers explained the doctrine of the Church on the subject in what seems to us the clearest terms! An article in the *Dublin Review*, written before Lord Holland wrote, says, "The doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding marriage is plain and simple: she teaches that the marriage-contract itself, which is perfected by the words, 'I take thee for my wife,' on the part of the man, and 'I take thee for my husband,' on the part of the woman, or by any other words or signs by which the contracting parties manifest their intention of taking each other for man and wife, is a sacrament." Now Mrs. Fitzherbert must have known this; is it not, therefore, manifest that what Lord Holland put into her mouth must be an invention?

A contemporary reviewer of this work seems to have as confused an idea of the subject as he had before he read it; for he not only puts into italics the words "no Roman-Catholic priest officiated," as if he still inclined to Lord Holland's belief, but congratulates the Anglican clergy on the proof furnished by this book that the Catholic Church holds them to be valid ministers of the rite of matrimony. We are surprised that the accomplished reviewer has so far forgotten his *Don Quixote* as to be oblivious of the fact that in Catholic Spain Don Ferdinand marries Dorothea by the ministry of the lady's-maid. The truth is, that Catholics hold the lady's-maid in question, the blacksmith of Gretna Green, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be equally valid ministers of the rite in places where the Council of Trent is not published, as in England, or Spain in the days of Cervantes, and equally invalid where the publication of the council has taken place. If the Anglican ministers can derive any consolation from this association, they are quite welcome to it.

We must make an honourable exception to the general wrong-headed stupidity on this subject in the person of the reviewer of this book in the *Times*, who very satisfactorily explains the Catholic doctrine on the subject, and goes on to say that "Mrs. Fitzherbert was aware of the doctrine of her Church with respect to matrimony, and contented herself with a ceremony which was perfectly valid in the eyes of its authorities."

A little before the marriage had taken place, or a little after,—for its exact date is not given us,—Mr. Fox, having heard the current report of the day, and getting alarmed at the idea of the serious consequences that might ensue, writes to the prince a letter, dated December 10, 1785, in which he dissuades him with the greatest possible energy from the rash step he is about to take.

We are sorry to shock the feelings of our moral Whig friends by quoting the following extracts from this precious epistle :

“ I was told before I left town yesterday that Mrs. Fitzherbert was arrived ; and if I had heard only this, I should have felt the most unfeigned joy at an event which I knew would contribute so much to your royal highness’s satisfaction ; but I was told at the same time that, from a variety of circumstances, which had been observed and put together, there was reason to suppose that you were going to take the very desperate step (pardon the expression) of marrying her at this moment.

If there was no marriage, I conclude your intercourse would be carried on, as it ought, in so private a way as to make it wholly inconsistent with decency or propriety for any one in public to hazard an opinion.

If I were Mrs. Fitzherbert’s father or brother, I would advise her not by any means to agree to it (a marriage), and to prefer any other species of connection with you to one leading to so much misery and mischief.”

In answer to this letter, which Dr. Doran does not blush to call “ very long, very strong, sensible, and manly,” coming from “ a bold man and honest friend” of the prince, and which Lord Holland, with the most admirable indifference to the exposure of his relative Mr. Fox’s moral character contained in it, publishes,—“ George P.” returns the following answer :

“ My dear Charles,—Your letter of last night afforded me more true satisfaction than I can find words to express, as it is an additional proof to me (which I assure you I did not want) of your having that true regard and affection for me which it is not only the wish but the ambition of my life to merit. Make yourself easy, my dear friend. Believe me, the world will now soon be convinced, that there not only is,* but never was, any grounds for these reports which of late have been so malevolently circulated. . . . Dec. 11, 1785.”

We must say, we think that of this precious pair, Charles James Fox and George Prince of Wales, the former deserves up to this point far the greater amount of obloquy. The

* *Sic* : is this mistake made on purpose ?

prince was twenty-three years old, and must have been a silly, mean, heartless young man; for would any other than a mere fool, when in love, have exhibited himself in such a state of farcical despair as this: he "cried by the hour, testified the sincerity and violence of his passion and despair by the most extravagant expressions and actions, rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competency to fly with the object of his affection to America."

But this "bold man and honest friend," as Dr. Doran calls him, is to us nothing more than an abject flatterer, who "rejoices at the arrival of a new mistress," and would be most happy to accommodate the prince with one of his own daughters for a concubine; and who gives this advice to the prince, not in any consideration for his character, but because he knows that any evil consequence that happens to him must be reflected back on himself and his party.

From the extract of the prince's letter above given,—and it is the only part of it that has any thing to do with the matter in question,—no greater charge, in our opinion, can be inferred against him than that he was a silly fellow, who did not know his own mind from one day to another; and on the supposition that it was written *before* his marriage (and there is no evidence of the contrary), we do not see that the charge of falsehood and deception, which some of our contemporaries bring against him for writing it, can be sustained. Certainly there is nothing in it to justify Mr. Fox rising up in the House of Commons sixteen months afterwards, namely, on the 20th April 1787, and denying that any marriage had taken place. "His royal highness had authorised him to declare," continued Mr. Fox, "that as a peer of parliament, he was ready in the other House to submit to any, the most pointed questions; or to afford his majesty, or his majesty's ministers, the fullest assurances of the utter falsehood of the statement in question, which never had, and which common sense must see never could have, happened." In reply to Mr. Rolle, whether what Mr. Fox had said was to be understood as spoken by direct authority, Mr. Fox replied, "that he had direct authority."

We can easily conceive the chagrin and surprise this denial caused Mrs. Fitzherbert when it came to her ears. This public degradation of her so compromised her character and religion, and irritated her feelings, that she determined to break off all connection with the prince; but she was advised, on receiving repeated assurances from her husband that he had never authorised Mr. Fox to make the assertion, that it was

her duty to give him the benefit of the doubt. Whether the prince really authorised Mr. Fox to make the statement to get his debts paid (and, as we shall presently see, he was guilty of further villany than this for the same purpose); or whether Mr. Fox invented the denial for party purposes; or whether it was an affair concocted between the two, and both knew it was false; or finally, whether it arose from some mistake or misapprehension,—we do not believe will ever be correctly ascertained: all we know and believe is, that they were both fully capable of lying, if they could have derived any advantage from it.

The prince is said to have been the first to inform Mrs. Fitzherbert of the part taken against her by Fox in the House of Commons. She was on a visit, so Lord Stourton told Mrs. Bodenham, “with the Hon. Mrs. Butler, her friend and relative, at whose house the prince frequently met Mrs. Fitzherbert. The prince called the morning after the denial of the marriage in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. He went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and taking hold of both her hands and caressing her, said, ‘Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing?’ Mrs. Fitzherbert made no reply, but changed countenance and turned pale.”

The prince must have felt himself in a very awkward predicament; for Lord Holland tells us, he sent for Mr. Grey the morning after Fox’s statement, and pacing in a hurried manner about the room, exclaimed, “Charles certainly went too far last night; you, my dear Grey, shall explain it;” and then, in distinct terms, and with prodigious agitation, acknowledged that a ceremony had taken place. Grey told him no other person but Mr. Fox could do that, without questioning Fox’s veracity. The prince, chagrined, disappointed, and agitated, then threw himself on the sofa, muttering, “Well, then, Sheridan must say something.”

Mrs. Fitzherbert having felt it her duty to take the word of her husband against that of Mr. Fox, would, of course, never speak to the latter; and when he, some time afterwards, during his administration, made some overtures to her to recover her good-will, she refused, though he offered her the title of duchess as the fruit of their reconciliation. She said she would not be another Duchess of Kendal. To resume our quotation:

“Her first cause of separation from the prince was preceded by no quarrel or even coolness, and came upon her quite unexpectedly. She received, when sitting down to dinner at the table of William IV.,

then Duke of Clarence, the first intimation of the loss of her ascendancy over the affections of the prince; having only the preceding day received a note from his royal highness, written in his usual strain of friendship, and speaking of their appointed engagement to dine at the house of the Duke of Clarence. The prince's letter was written from Brighton, where he had met Lady Jersey. From that time she never saw the prince; and this interruption of their intimacy was followed by his marriage with Queen Caroline; brought about, as Mrs. Fitzherbert conceived, under the twofold influence of the pressure of his debts on the mind of the prince, and a wish on the part of Lady Jersey to enlarge the royal establishment, in which she was to have an important situation."

It was now that the real character of the prince burst forth in all its full-blown wickedness. It was now he maintained in the post of favourite Mrs. Crouch, the actress, on whom he settled 1400*l.* a year, and whom the Scarronic Dr. Doran insultingly couples with Mrs. Fitzherbert as the "Lucy and Polly to whom this light-of-heart prince gaily sang his 'How happy could I be with either,'" and afterwards, as alternately coquetting to obtain the post of favourite; made love to the Duchess of Devonshire, who was separated from her husband, but did not therefore regard the prince; and began his intercourse with Lady Jersey, the most shameless and intriguing woman of all he had to do with.

It was this latter, who was the favourite at the time, who induced him to have to do with one more woman, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick; for her we have no pity whatever—she was punished for her crime by the just judgment of God. The prince could not have associated so long with Mrs. Fitzherbert and not know that the law of God would judge him as an adulterer, and the princess as an adulteress; and he is said to have written as much to her. She, however, replied that she would run all risks: she did run all risks; she bartered her honour for a crown, and lost both her honour and the crown. It may be true, and very likely is, that, to use the words of her own confession, "she committed adultery with but one man, and he the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert;" we have no concern in the dispute between the Whig and Tory factions about her after-conduct, we only look at her as the paramour of the Prince of Wales. Justly, and with merited contempt, did the prince treat her, by appointing Lady Jersey to attend her,—a fit lady-of-honour for such a woman. In short, with such thorough disgust did the prince view her whole conduct, that he is said to have called for a glass of brandy to settle his stomach after his first interview with her; and, whether from dislike or remorse we know not, to have gone through

the farce of the marriage-ceremony in a state of intoxication. Nor can compliance with the law of the land be held as any excuse for her conduct; for we don't see that the same excuse would not equally hold good for a man who exposes his children in China, or for those English consuls in Asia Minor, Dr. Sandwith tells us of, who seize Christian women for their harems, and flog their relations who come to demand their deliverance.

But bad as was the conduct of the princess, it was nothing compared to that of the royal Don Juan. At the instigation of the worthless Lady Jersey, he sank to the lowest depths of infamy. Her jealousy of the fair face of Mrs. Fitzherbert was the cause of their separation, and her wish to have a respectable establishment in his household one of the causes of his union with the princess, whom Lady Jersey is said to have selected, as having a face not sufficiently handsome to be jealous of. To this cause was joined the weight of his debts, which amounted to 400,000*l.*, in which was a bill of 40,000*l.* to his farrier. He entered into a compact with the king and parliament to commit bigamy for the payment of his debts and receipt of a larger income; and a pretty squabble arose in the House afterwards, as to how large those debts were, and how much further income he was to receive.

We cannot absolve the king, queen, and parliament from all blame in promoting this legal, but immoral and unchristian union. The prince had over and over again told them he could and would not marry; they knew he was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert; they had received her at court; and their majesties had paid a visit to Mr. Weld of Lulworth, the brother of her former husband, at which she was also present; and Queen Charlotte had ungenerously shifted the blame from her shoulders to the prince's by saying to him, "You best know, George, whether you can conscientiously marry or not." They took advantage of his necessities by promising to pay his debts if he would comply with their demands; and reading, as they could, in their Bible, "whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," they could not plead ignorance as an excuse.

We have often thought a comparison might be made between the first Napoleon, Josephine, and Maria Louisa of Austria, on one side, and the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, on the other. Both were married to their first wives by the Christian law, neither of them had any children, and both wished to seek another alliance. The only difference was, that the Prince of Wales, living in a Protestant country, set the law of God at

once at defiance; whilst Napoleon was obliged to deceive the judges of the ecclesiastical courts at Rome with false testimony: knowing full well that the Pope has no power to grant a divorce, he sought to render his former marriage null *ab initio*. Our readers are all aware, that besides the marriage-ceremony, a consummation of the marriage is necessary to render it perfectly valid; in other words, if this is morally or physically prevented—

ἡ ἐστὶν θέμις ἀνδρῶν ἢ δὲ γυναικῶν—

either party can enter an action in the ecclesiastical courts to obtain, not a divorce, but a declaration of nullity of marriage on account of an impediment allowed by the divine law.

Napoleon sent, therefore, two medical officers to Rome, who swore that Josephine was physically unable to marry; besides other persons, who swore to certain observations of his when he was first married. We believe their testimony was false, and that they were bribed to give false evidence; but still the ecclesiastical court felt compelled to accept their oath. If the testimony was false, then the declaration of nullity pronounced by the Pope was of no avail, and the King of Rome was, in spite of all, illegitimate. And now let us compare the two second marriages: to both marriages was one child born; both heirs to a crown, to which neither succeeded. Separations took place in both instances soon after marriage, and both were unfortunate. Maria Louisa did not feel any obligation to follow her husband into exile, as Josephine would have done,—perhaps she suspected she was not his real wife; and the English marriage ended with a mutual hatred between the parties. The power, too, of Napoleon began to decline from the beginning of the second marriage. It shows that even the greatest cannot transgress God's law with impunity. We have been led to make these remarks partly in answer to the taunts of Protestants, that the Pope granted the French divorce in spite of his declaration of the sanctity of marriage, which view we have now shown to be erroneous.

“Upon Mrs. Fitzherbert's speaking to me of this union” (of the prince with Caroline), continues Lord Stourton, “confiding in her own desire that I should disguise from her nothing that I might conceive to be of doubtful character as affecting her conduct to the prince, I told her that I had been informed of some proposals which had been made to her immediately preceding the marriage of the prince, of which her uncle Mr. Errington had been the channel, offering some terms upon which his royal highness was disposed to give up the match. She told me there was no truth whatever in the report that a day or two preceding the marriage he had been

seen passing rapidly on horseback before her house at Marble Hill; but that his motive for doing so was unknown to her, and that afterwards, when they were reconciled, she cautiously abstained from alluding to such topics, as the greatest interruptions to their happiness at that period were his bitter and passionate regrets and self-accusations for his conduct, which she always met by saying, 'We must look to the present and the future, and not think of the past.' I ventured also to mention another report, that George III., the day before the marriage, had offered to take upon himself the responsibility of breaking off the match with the Princess of Brunswick, should the prince desire it. Of this, too, she told me she knew nothing; but added, that it was not improbable, for the king was a good and religious man. She owned that she was deeply distressed and depressed in spirits at this formal abandonment, with all its consequences, as it affected her reputation in the eyes of the world."

We must here remark the hesitation between right and wrong in the mind of the good old king: it is a pity he did not exhibit equal *firmness* in this as *obstinacy* in other trying occasions in his life.

Lady Claremont was the great friend and adviser of Mrs. Fitzherbert on her desertion by the prince. She adopted her advice against her inclination, and opened her saloons. All the fashionable world, including the royal dukes, attended her parties; and with the Duke of York in particular she maintained the most friendly and confidential relations. The queen and royal family acted with the greatest kindness towards her, and the king, from the time she set foot in England till his death, treated her as a father. She made it a rule to have no secrets from the royal family—a rule which saved her from many embarrassments, which must otherwise have occurred in her position. The influence of Lady Jersey with the prince, however, was on the wane; and when she fell, she drew down with her the princess of whose elevation she was the cause, and of whom she was the chief support. To the prince, thus freed from the machinations of the conspiracy between these two women, repentance was once more granted. He pursued his wife in the same earnest and desperate manner as during the first interval of his attachment. "Numbers of the royal family, both male and female, urged a reconciliation even upon a principle of duty."

"However, as she was by his marriage with Queen Caroline placed in a situation of much difficulty, involving her own conscience, and making it doubtful whether public scandal might not interfere with her own engagements, she determined to resort to the highest authorities of her own Church upon a case of such extraordinary intricacy. The Rev. Mr. Nassau, one of the chaplains of Warwick-

Street Chapel, was therefore selected to go to Rome and lay the case before that tribunal, upon the express understanding that, if the answer should be favourable, she would again join the prince; if otherwise, she was determined to abandon the country. In the meantime, whilst the negotiation was pending, she obtained a promise from his royal highness that he would not follow her into her retreat in Wales, where she went to a small bathing-place. The reply from Rome, in a brief which in a moment of panic she destroyed, fearful of the consequences during Mr. Perceval's administration, was favourable to the wishes of the prince; and, faithful to her own determination to act as much as possible in the face of the public, she resisted all importunities to meet him clandestinely. The day on which she joined him again at her own house was the same on which she gave a public breakfast to the whole town of London, and to which he was invited."

She had great difficulty in summoning resolution to meet this severe ordeal, but nevertheless went through it. The next eight years she spent with the prince were the happiest in her life; they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets—so poor, that, at one time, in journeying from Brighton to London, they could not muster 5*l.* between them; and an old servant once endeavoured to force 60*l.* on them he had saved in their service. This period was, however, embittered by political difficulties, especially the "delicate investigation" in which her husband and Princess Caroline were concerned. She was also engaged in healing jealousies between different members of the royal family, though the Duke of York had always acted "beautifully" towards his brother, and had once said, in allusion to Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage, "Thank God, he never could wish to raise any claim in contravention of the rights of his brother."

As Lady Jersey was the cause of the first rupture between the prince and his wife, so Lady Hertford, an equally bad woman, was the cause of the second. And as Lady Jersey was the tool of the Whig party and Lady Hertford of the Tory, his connection with her fully accounts for the disgrace of his old Whig friends in after-life. The fact is, the chief cause of his abominable conduct seems to us to be his great weakness under the control of his mistresses; so that the conduct of the prince was but a reflection of the will of the mistress for the time being. The period of his two unions with Mrs. Fitzherbert, when not under such control, and when under her influence, was the only time he conducted himself with respectability. Lady Hertford had so led captive this weak-minded prince, and both together heaped such insults on the wife, that Mrs. Fitzherbert was frequently on the point of

that separation which afterwards took place ; but was prevented by the influence of the royal family from carrying her resolution into effect. And we may remark, that as the first royal notice she received was from a French king, seated at his table, so at the table of another French king she received that crowning insult which caused her final separation from her worthless husband :

“ A dinner given by Louis XVIII. brought matters at last to a conclusion ; and, satisfied of a systematic intention to degrade her before the public, she then at last attained the reluctant assent of some of the members of the royal family to her determination of finally closing her connection with the prince, to whom, in furtherance of this decision, she never afterwards opened the doors of her house. Upon all former occasions, to avoid etiquette in circumstances of such delicacy as regarded her own situation with reference to the prince, it had been customary to sit at table without regard to rank. Upon the present occasion this plan was to be altered, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was informed, through her friends at court, that at the royal table the individuals invited were to sit according to their rank. When assured of this novel arrangement, she asked the prince, who had invited her with the rest of his company, where she was to sit. He said, ‘ You know, madam, you have no place.’ ‘ None, sir,’ she replied, ‘ but such as you choose to give me.’ Upon this she informed the royal family she would not go. The Duke of York and others endeavoured to alter the preconcerted arrangement, but the prince was inflexible ; and, aware of the peculiar circumstances of her case, and the distressing nature of her general situation, they no longer hesitated to agree with her that no advantage was to be obtained by further postponement of her own anxious desire to close her connection with the prince, and to retire once more into private life. She told me she often looked back with wonder that she had not sunk under the trials of these two years. Having come to this resolution, she was obliged on the very evening, or on that which followed the royal dinner, to attend an assembly at Devonshire House ; which was the last evening she saw the prince previously to their final separation. The Duchess of Devonshire, taking her by the arm, said to her, ‘ You must come and see the duke in his own room, as he is suffering from a fit of the gout ; but he will be glad to see an old friend.’ In passing through the rooms she saw the prince and Lady Hertford in a *tête-à-tête* conversation, and nearly fainted under all the impressions which then rushed upon her mind ; but, taking a glass of water, she recovered and passed on.”

Thus terminated her connection with the prince ; save only that, while he was lying on his deathbed, she wrote him a letter offering her services. The king seized it with eagerness and placed it under his pillow, but sent no answer. The Duke of Wellington told her, that more than once the prince

had desired to be buried with her picture round his neck. And Dr. Carr, Bishop of Worcester, in allusion to the subject, one day said, "O, Mrs. Fitzherbert was very amiable, my faithful friend. Yes, it is very true what you have heard. I remained by the body of the king when they wrapt it round in the cerecloth; but before that was done I saw a portrait suspended round his neck; it was attached by a little silver chain." Surely there must have been some little remnant of good feeling left in him, when not under the control of his mistresses.

Thus died George IV., "that ornament of humanity; whose only fault," according to a celebrated Italian preacher, "was, that he was once heard to mutter in a moment of anger, *Sia dannato da Dio O'Connell*,—G—d d—n O'Connell;" and of whom it is reported, that when he was told by Bishop Carr to repent of his sins, he replied, "that he did not remember he had committed any."

Soon after the king's death she went to Brighton; and on receiving a message from William IV. to come and see him, she begged him to honour her with an interview at her own house.

"The king kindly complied with her request without delay, and she told him that she could not, in her present circumstances, avail herself of the honour of waiting upon his majesty without asking his permission to place her papers before him, and requesting his advice upon them. Upon her placing in his hands the documents that have been preserved in justification of her character, and especially the certificate of her marriage, and another interesting and most affecting paper, this amiable sovereign was moved to tears by their perusal, and expressed his surprise at so much forbearance with such documents in her possession, and under the pressure of such long and severe trials. He asked her what amends he could make her, and offered to make her a duchess. She replied that she did not wish for any rank; that she had borne through life the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert; that she had never disgraced it, and did not wish to change it; that therefore she hoped his majesty would accept her unfeigned gratitude for his gracious proposal, but that he would permit her to retain her present name. 'Well, then,' said he, 'I shall insist on your wearing my livery;' and ended by authorising her to put on weeds for his royal brother. He added, 'I must, however, see you at the Pavilion;' and I believe he proposed the following Sunday, a day on which his family were more retired, for seeing her at dinner, and spending the evening at the Pavilion. 'I shall introduce you myself to my family,' said he; 'but you must send me word of your arrival.'"

She continued in the greatest intimacy with William IV. at Brighton. She was not an interested person: she was in-

debted to the Duke of York and Queen Charlotte for an income of 6000*l.* a-year: and when the Duke of Wellington asked her, as executor to George IV., if she had any thing to show, she told him "she had not even a scrap of paper." She consented to the destruction of most of her papers, to the great relief probably of many then living; and she added, she believed "she might have obtained any price she chose to ask for the correspondence which it was in her power to have laid before the public; that she could have given the best private and public history of the transactions of the country, from the close of the American war down to the death of the Duke of York, either from her communications with the duke, or her own connections with the opposite party, through the prince and his friends."

The health of Mrs. Fitzherbert rapidly declined after the death of her husband. She died at Brighton in 1837, and was buried in the Catholic church there, where a handsome monument erected to her memory may be seen with three rings on her finger, in allusion to her triple marriage. It should be mentioned, that a correspondence took place respecting Mrs. Fitzherbert's history between Lord Stourton, Mr. Langdale, Mr. Keppel, and the Duke of Wellington; and that Mr. Keppel refused to submit Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers at Coutts's to Mr. Langdale's inspection. We suspect there must be something in the background which certain persons would not like published. As it is, however, the result of the present volume may be summed up in the remark of its reviewer in the *Times*: "A fair fame will be henceforth associated with the fair face which has become dust; and Mrs. Fitzherbert, absolved from the suspicion of frailty, will be remembered for her worth and the wrongs which she suffered."

THE FISH AS A SYMBOL IN EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE CATACOMBS.

De Christianis Monumentis IXΘΝ exhibentibus Epistola G. B. de Rossi ad J. B. Pitra. Ex Spicilegii Solesmensis tomo iii. pp. 545-577 extractum. Parisiis, Firmin Didot, via Jacob, 56. 1855.

ANY one who is interested in the symbolism of Christian art will hail the publication of the third volume of Dom Pitra's

Spicilegium Solesmense with especial satisfaction, more particularly if he desire to lay a thoroughly good foundation for his studies by commencing them from their earliest antiquity. For, amongst other treasures, the learned Benedictine has here given us the *Key* of Melito, Bishop of Sardis, a work of the second century never before published, but which, by explaining the types and figures of the Old Testament, and in other ways more or less direct, supplies no little information as to the principles which lie at the bottom of the subject, and a knowledge of which is essential to the right understanding of all Christian monuments. At present, however, we do not propose to give a critical account of this valuable work, nor, indeed, of the general contents of the volume before us, but to direct our readers' attention to a letter of some thirty pages in length, which occurs towards the end of the volume, and which especially concerns—what, since the publication of *Fabiola*, has become an object of so much interest and attraction to the travelling portion of our fellow-countrymen—the Roman catacombs.

The Cavaliere G. B. de Rossi, the writer of the letter in question, has on former occasions been mentioned more than once in our pages as the indefatigable collector and learned commentator on early Christian inscriptions, the result of whose labours in that vast and fruitful field the antiquarian world has been long anxiously expecting. One cause of the delay is doubtless to be found in such letters and other literary *brochures* as the present, three or four of which are now lying before us on various subjects; and which would be still more numerous, were he not to turn a deaf ear to most of the solicitations he receives. And, however much we may regret the consequences, as indeed we do most sincerely, yet these short essays are so excellent in themselves, and so valuable, both as pledges of the care and accuracy with which the whole work will be accomplished, and as proofs of its great interest and importance, that the critic cannot find it in his heart to censure what is at once so useful and so pleasant.

The subject of the present letter is the use of the *fish* as a mysterious sign or symbol by the early Christians. That it *was* so used, and that even from the earliest times, is well known to every body; and that it sometimes denoted our Blessed Lord Himself—"Christ figuratively called the fish," says Origen (in Matt. xiii.)—sometimes the members of His Church: "we are little fish," says Tertullian (de Baptism. c. i.), "after the example of our fish Jesus Christ, we are born in water, &c." But not every one is aware that the use of this symbol was confined to a particular period of the Church's

history, and that it is ordinarily found in connection with certain other symbols, giving it another and a more special signification. To the elucidation of these two points the first and second parts of the present dissertation are respectively devoted; and the merits of both are such, that it would be hard to say whether we have been most gratified by the intrinsic interest and importance of the information contained in the one, or most struck with admiration at the industry, patience, and critical acumen displayed in the other. The general reader will probably be tempted to give the preference to the second part, in which the signification of the symbol is discussed and defined; the scientific antiquarian, however, will set an equal value on the first; and since the truth of the interpretations suggested in the second part receives no mean confirmation from the chronological conclusions established in the first, we cannot altogether absolve ourselves from the obligation of giving some account of both.

The conclusion, then, which De Rossi has established is this, that the ordinary use of the fish as a Christian symbol belonged exclusively to the earliest ages of the Church, so as to have become almost or altogether obsolete about the middle of the fourth century. We do not say that the fish can never be met with in monuments of a later date, as in the mosaic ornaments of churches in Ravenna, Pesaro, and other Italian cities; but we say, that when used thus sparingly in later times it was always with other adjuncts, and under circumstances which at once suggest another and a different sense. Confining ourselves, therefore, to what has been found in the Roman catacombs, it seems certain that the symbolical use of the fish does not extend beyond the first 350 years of the Christian era. The proofs of this proposition are so various and so minute, that it is scarcely possible to do them justice, except by translating that portion of De Rossi's dissertation as it stands: our limits, however, not allowing of this, we must be contented to select one or two by way of specimen of the whole. First, then, it appears that there are only about 1100 of the inscriptions taken from the ancient Christian cemeteries of Rome to which a distinct and certain date is affixed by means of the names of the consuls. Of these not more than thirty belong to the period antecedent to the conversion of Constantine; yet amongst them is one of A.D. 234, on which the fish and anchor are represented in the ordinary manner. In the 1050 which remain, there is, in like manner, only one representation of the fish; and this has none of its usual accompaniments, nor is it in an ordinary inscription, but is found with the sepulchre of Lazarus, the seven-

branched candlestick, a house, and other symbols of rare occurrence in Christian monuments, and causing the inscription to be altogether *sui generis*, a singular exception to the class to which it belongs.

But although it is not possible to know the precise year of more than this small number of Christian inscriptions, yet it is by no means difficult to distinguish, even with certainty, the age or century of a far larger number of them. In the cloisters of St. Paul's *fuori le mura*, for instance, are more than 500 inscriptions which are certainly later than the fourth century; and in *none* of them is there either the *word* (fish) or its representation. And the same may be said of *all* other collections of inscriptions belonging to the same epoch. On the other hand, of the seventy-five inscriptions in which either the word or the symbol is seen, five have upon them that most undoubted mark of antiquity, the letters D.M., which are never found on Christian monuments later than the fourth century; nine others have certain peculiarities of names, or are characterised by such extreme brevity and simplicity of diction as to be liable to be mistaken at first sight for heathen monuments; of eight or nine more, we are certain, either from the places in which they were found, or from the character of the letters, or from the coins which were attached to the same graves, that they are older than the time of Constantine; and in none, excepting the instance which has been already named, and possibly another, are there any indications of an age much posterior to his.

These are some among the proofs adduced by De Rossi to show that the common use of the fish as a religious sign or symbol belongs to those times in which Christians were obliged to hide themselves and their doctrines under the veil of darkness and silence, or at least to speak of them only in a language which should be scarcely more intelligible than silence to all but the initiated; but that when this state of things had passed away, and there was no longer the same necessity for the *disciplina arcani*, the use of this symbol was gradually abandoned. We are conscious that we have given but too meagre a sketch of this portion of De Rossi's letter; but we believe we shall best consult the tastes of our readers by devoting more space to the consideration of his second subject, namely, the adjuncts which are generally found with the symbol of the fish, and the true meaning of them all.

Every body who has had an opportunity of studying the monuments of Christian antiquity, and all writers who have commented upon them, can at once suggest two symbols of continual recurrence in immediate connection with the fish,

viz. an anchor and a ship; but to these our author has added a third, the dove, and a fourth, far more important than either, loaves of bread. We will speak a few words of each in its turn; and first of the dove. It appears that the fish and the dove—this latter generally bearing the olive-branch in its mouth—are found together in some twenty ancient epitaphs taken from the catacombs; and this number is quite sufficient to warrant a conjecture that the combination was not fortuitous, but expressed some Christian signification. Nor is it difficult to see what this signification was; for, in truth, the signs and symbols which we find upon the tombstones of the early Christians only represent in hieroglyphics, as it were, the same prayers or dogmas, or other *formulae* of our religion, as were engraved on other tombstones of the same period in the more ordinary characters of the alphabet. Hence Bottari, Muratori, and others, have always understood the dove with the olive-branch to be equivalent to the phrase *in pace*, or rather, to speak more correctly, *spiritus (tuus) in pace*; for the dove, taken by itself, is the emblem not only of the Third Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, but also of the soul or spirit of a departed Christian, and the olive-branch, as is well known, has ever been received as the emblem of peace. “*Pax perpetua significatur oleo ramusculo*,” says St. Austin; and again, “*Olivæ fructuosus surculus in ore columbæ tanquam in osculo pacis*,” and, in fact, the very word *pax* is written upon the dove bearing an olive-branch in one of the Christian inscriptions in the Vatican museum. When, therefore, we find the fish in addition to the dove and the olive-branch, why should we not at once interpret the one on the same principles as the other, and say that we then have before us a symbolical representation of the more extended formula, which (as a matter of fact) is of very frequent occurrence in the catacombs, *Spiritus in pace et in Christo*; or, if the olive-branch be wanting, *Spiritus in Christo* only? Our author, with characteristic modesty, has set forth this interpretation with diffidence, nobody, as far as we know, having suggested it before him; it is so simple, however, and obvious, and so thoroughly in harmony with the whole spirit of these Christian hieroglyphics, that we venture to predict for it amongst candid antiquarians universal acceptance.

The anchor was still more commonly united with the fish in ancient Christian symbolism; not only in sepulchral inscriptions, but more especially on rings, seals, and other gems, from which indeed it is rarely absent. Of the anchor St. Paul himself gives us the true interpretation, that it denotes the strength and firmness of a Christian's hope (Heb. vi. 19);

and it is for this reason that we find it represented in several instances on the tombs of persons whose names either expressed or contained an allusion to the same virtue, as, for instance, Spes, Elpidius, Elpizusa. When, therefore, this anchor is accompanied by a fish, who can fail to recognise in the combination that most common of ancient formulas, *Spes in Deo*, *Spes in Christo*, *Spes in Deo Christo*? And when the head of the anchor is so formed as almost necessarily to suggest the figure of the cross,—a peculiarity which has attracted the notice of most writers on the subject,—we shall scarcely be accused of fancifulness or exaggeration if we interpret it of the Christian's hope being founded only upon his Saviour's cross.

Of the ship in immediate connection with the fish the examples are not so numerous; the meaning, however, is not less certain. It matters not whether we attribute the original source of the metaphor to the ark of Noe, to which Christ's Church is compared by St. Peter (1 Ep. iii. 20), or whether to the fishing-boat of that same apostle, into which our Lord entered when He would teach the multitudes upon the shore of the lake of Genesareth (St. Luke v. 3); the fact at least is notorious, that, both in the writings of the early fathers, and even in our own language at the present day, the ship is an acknowledged figure or type of the Church. We need no Œdipus, then, to explain why it should be found with the name of Jesus on some of the ancient monuments we are considering, or why upon others it should rest upon the back of a fish,—that fish being, in truth, no other than the same Jesus, on Whom alone the Church depends, Who is its Life, its Head, its all.

We come now to the last and most important of the monuments of which we proposed to speak, those, namely, in which the fish is found in connection with bread. It will not improbably at once occur to our readers that we ought to give these an historical rather than a symbolical interpretation; that they contain no hidden mystery, but merely represent historically the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes recorded in the Gospels; and the assertion may be confirmed by pointing to one of the monuments in question, where the five loaves and two fishes exactly correspond to the number in the evangelical narrative. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to say that this conjecture, so far as it is intended to be not only affirmative but negative—so far, that is, as it is intended to exclude all idea of a secret sacramental meaning veiled under the historical representation—would be in the highest degree erroneous.

It has been somewhere asserted, though we are unable at this moment to verify our quotation, that "perhaps there is no one miracle of our Lord recorded in the Gospels that is not therefore selected for recording because it was the type of something to happen in the Church:" but whatever may be thought of this assertion, we believe that there is no one who has ever studied with attention the monuments of the Roman catacombs, and at all succeeded in apprehending their spirit, who will not acknowledge that there are few, if any, historical facts represented there, either in painting or in sculpture, that were not therefore selected for representation because they were the types of something either then happening in the Church, or at least very necessary to be taught and kept before the minds of the faithful just at that time. This is a very important subject, to which it is impossible to do justice within our present limits. Since, however, the truth and value of De Rossi's interpretation of the symbols now before us is very intimately connected with it, it is equally impossible to pass it by altogether. We say, then, that the representations in early Christian art, even of historical facts, are used for the most part not for their own sake, not for their own intrinsic importance as actual facts in the history of the world, but rather for their moral, typical, or allegorical meaning, shadowing forth truths of deeper import and more universal application; in other words, that historical facts were used as types and symbols rather than symbols used to denote historical facts, which is what the authors of the interpretation we are now combating are obliged to maintain. Who can doubt, for instance, that just as the great Apostle of the Gentiles applies the history of the children of Israel in the wilderness to the Christian Church, and says distinctly that "all these things happened to them only in figure, and that they are written for our correction" (1 Cor. x. 11), so the histories of Daniel in the lions' den, of Jonas in the belly of the fish, of the three children in the fiery furnace, and of the resurrection of Lazarus, which are perpetually reproduced upon the graves or over the altars of these subterranean chapels, were intended to read to the hearts of those who saw them lessons of hope and confidence under the severity of the pagan persecutions, and at the same time to strengthen their faith in the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead? This, as far as we know, is acknowledged on all hands; and so of other representations also, which refer to dogmas upon which the whole Christian world is agreed. But when we proceed to apply the same principle to histories typical of doctrines which have been made the subject of dispute, we

are sometimes met not only by critical objections as to the correctness of this or that particular interpretation,—which may, of course, be reasonable, and require to be answered,—but also not unfrequently by an absolute denial of the principle itself, and a stubborn resolution to admit no meaning in the painting beyond the bare historical fact which it manifestly represents. For instance, in the course of a tolerably extensive experience in guiding strangers in the catacombs, we never remember to have met with any who doubted as to the hidden meaning of those representations which have been enumerated above; on the other hand, we have known several who could see absolutely nothing in the figure of a man striking a rock whence water gushes forth, beyond the history recorded in the 17th chapter of Exodus, even though this figure be found strangely out of place among events in the life of St. Peter, not of Moses, or even though it be immediately preceded, or accompanied, by the representation of some other event in the life of Moses, where the figure of Moses is altogether different from the figure of him who strikes the rock. And so, in like manner, in the representation of the fish and bread which we are now to consider, there are those who can see nothing but the past miracle,—no hidden sacrament of present and perpetual significance. It behoves us, then, to proceed cautiously in this matter; to advance nothing on our own mere authority, but carefully to confirm what may be said either by the internal evidence of the monument explained or by the direct testimony of ancient writers. For it may not unreasonably be objected, that to admit these hidden and mystical meanings of paintings which represent historical facts is to open the door to the most unbridled license of interpretation, whereby, as by a sort of intellectual alchemy, gold, or at least tinsel, may be made out of any thing. And we do not deny but that there may be those who have carried it to an excess; at the same time, it is obvious to establish certain laws and limits whereby these interpretations should be regulated; as, for instance, those which we have already indicated, viz. to build nothing on the faith of a single monument nor on the unsupported conjectures of our own imaginations, but to compare one monument with others of the same class, and all with the written records of the ancient Church. For if it be just to say that these paintings are a kind of language in hieroglyphics, we all know how much light can be thrown on the meaning of one hieroglyphical monument by the study of others of the same epoch, and it is obvious that the Christian paintings would not speak a different language from that which was in use among the doctors and writers of the day. Let us apply

these laws to the examples which have been already adduced, and we shall at once recognise their importance. There scarcely needed, indeed, any corroboration of the interpretation which we have given of the pictures bearing reference to the great doctrine of the resurrection; yet even this, perhaps, it may be worth while to produce. A single passage from the so-called Apostolical Constitutions furnishes us with more than we require. "We believe," they say, "that there will be a resurrection, even on account of the resurrection of our Lord. For He it is who restored Lazarus to life, who brought forth Jonas still living from the belly of the fish, who delivered the three children from the furnace of Babylon, and Daniel from the lions' mouth. He, therefore, will not be wanting in strength to raise up ourselves also." This is an instance of symbols receiving, we might almost say, their *authoritative* interpretation from the testimony of a contemporary writer; we see that the artist in the catacombs did but express in his own fashion the thoughts and language current in his day. The other symbolical painting which we mentioned was St. Peter in the character of Moses striking the rock; and this can be thoroughly explained by reference to other monuments of the same class. We believe, indeed, that there are not wanting testimonies from early Christian writers which would also explain it, though none happen to occur to us at the moment we are writing. Indeed we need not go beyond the New Testament itself to learn that the rock was a figure of Christ, and the waters which flowed from it typical of the grace and truth which came by Him, as the law had been given by Moses; and neither St. Bernard in the twelfth century, nor St. Bruno of Asti in the tenth, were the first to compare St. Peter, as the leader of the *new* children of Israel, to Moses, as the leader of the old. Be this as it may, however, we can afford to set all such testimony aside; for we have an irrefragable proof of the identity we are anxious to establish in some of these ancient monuments themselves; for in several *sarcophagi* we have this same scene carved among other actions of St. Peter's life, with the face of St. Peter distinctly reproduced; and the bottom of an old glass chalice of the second or third century gives us the same enamelled in gold, with an inscription over the head, P E T R U S. Surely nothing but wilful blindness can refuse to recognise in these facts demonstrative proof that this fact of the Old-Testament history was represented in the catacombs not for its own sake, as a fact in the past history of the Jews, but rather as symbolical of something in the New Testament still living and present among Christians.

Other illustrations tempt us, but we have already wandered

too far from our symbol of the fish and loaves of bread; let us proceed, then, under the guidance of De Rossi, to assign to this also its full Christian signification.

Christian antiquarians have been of one mind in interpreting the loaves of bread as symbolical of the Holy Eucharist, and we have already seen that the fish was the recognised representation of our Blessed Lord. How obvious, then, to interpret the two when taken together as denoting the real presence of Christ in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar! Yet no one, as far as we know, has insisted upon this before the Cavaliere di Rossi, who, by means of some recent discoveries in the catacombs, is now enabled, we may almost say, to demonstrate it. Through the pages of *Fabiola*, it has probably become known to all our readers that within the last four or five years, under the superintendence of a commission of sacred archæology appointed by Pope Pius IX., most important excavations have been made in the cemetery of San Callisto; and it is scarcely too much to say, that the pictures which have been thus brought to light surpass all with which we were previously acquainted both in interest and antiquity. Their age is ascertained, not only by the internal evidence of style, the peculiar form of dress, and other similar tokens, but also by the locality in which they are found. Thus, the first painting we shall speak of is in a *cubiculum* close to the tomb of St. Cornelius, and probably of a date anterior to his pontificate; in other words, it belongs to the first half of the third century. The larger paintings represented on the walls of this chamber have unfortunately been destroyed; but one precious monument remains, repeated as a kind of ornament on either side of one of the principal subjects which has thus disappeared. It is a fish, bearing on its back a basket of bread,—bread, not of the ordinary kind, in small loaves—*quadrati*, as they were called—or divided into four equal parts by the sign of the cross upon them, but bread of a gray ashy colour, such as was used by Eastern people, and particularly the Jews, as an offering of the first-fruits to the priests. In a word, it was the sacred bread, known to the Romans by the barbarous name of *mamphula*; and, found in this place, it at once suggests to a Christian the idea of the Holy Eucharist. What, then, is the meaning of the fish? It is impossible here to imagine any allusion to the miracle of the loaves and fishes; for there is but one basket of bread and one fish, and that fish not cooked, but alive and on the waters. The words of St. Paulinus manifestly explain the whole, when, writing to Pammachius, he speaks of our Lord in one and the same place as “the true bread and the fish of living waters.” Both are types of Christ; but, as a closer ex-

amination of the fresco will show us, with especial reference to His presence under the species in the Blessed Sacrament; for we have here not only the sacred bread, but also within the basket what seems evidently to denote a glass chalice full of bright red wine. Thus the whole painting brings vividly to our recollection, and, as it were, places before our very eyes, that summary of the sacerdotal treasures mentioned by St. Jerome, when, after praising the apostolic poverty of Exuperius, Bishop of Toulouse, he suddenly exclaims, "But what can be more rich than he who carries in a basket of wicker-work the Body of our Lord, and His precious Blood in a chalice of glass?"—*Corpus Domini in canistro vimineo*; and the basket in the painting exactly corresponds to this description—*et Sanguinem in vitro*; and it is precisely because the chalice is of glass that we are enabled to see what it contains.

But this is not all. Another chapel of this same cemetery was the burial-place of several Bishops of Rome, from St. Pontianus in the year 235, down to Melchiades in the year 314; and in its immediate neighbourhood is a series of chambers designed only for purposes of sepulture, and ornamented with paintings of the same high antiquity. Two of them in particular are invaluable representations of the Sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist. In one, the first Sacrament is administered in the usual way; and the second is shadowed forth by a table on which lie two loaves and a fish. But in another adjacent chamber the Sacrament of Baptism is represented both typically, under the figure of a man drawing a fish which he has caught out of the water, and also literally, in the figure of a man actually pouring the waters of Baptism over a naked youth standing before him. In like manner, the Holy Eucharist is again introduced under the figure of a feast where fish and bread are the only food provided, and also the very act of consecration itself. In this last representation there is the same table as that which we have mentioned in the paintings of the first chamber; on it is a loaf of bread and a fish, over which a priest is stretching forth his hands as for the purpose of blessing, whilst on the opposite side of the table stands a woman with uplifted hands in the attitude of prayer. It may be doubted whether this last figure were intended symbolically to represent the Church, or only the particular individual buried in the adjacent grave: that the whole picture refers to the Holy Eucharist is plain when we compare it with the others in this and the adjoining chambers.

Our author, however, not content with this, has brought together a number of authorities from various ancient and

independent sources, showing that not only was the fish an acknowledged symbol for our Lord, but in a more especial manner for our Lord as present in the Holy Eucharist. The Sacrament of the Altar is continually spoken of by the early Christians under this figure of a fish; in an old sepulchral inscription, for instance, written in Greek and discovered at Autun in France, which bids us "receive the sweet food of the Saviour of the Saints, to eat and drink, taking into our hands *the fish*;" by St. Austin in his *Confessions*, who describes the Eucharistic feast as that solemnity in which "*Piscis ille exhibetur quem levatum de profundo terra pia comedit*;" and by the author of the work *De Promissione et Prædicatione Dei*, commonly attributed to Prosper Aquitanus, who says that "Christians are daily illuminated and *fed* by the internal remedies of the *fish of Tobias*." But—what is more especially to our author's purpose—the *piscis assus* of the Gospels is commonly explained by the Fathers as *Christus passus*; and in particular, the last writer whom we have quoted gives this mystical interpretation of the fish wherewith our Lord fed those seven disciples on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias (John xxi. 13); he calls Christ that great Fish which fed the disciples on the sea-shore *ex seipso*, and offered Himself to the whole world as food; and St. Austin in like manner, in his commentary on the same passage, says, "Our Lord made a dinner for those seven disciples of the fish which they saw laid on the hot coals and of bread. The broiled fish is Christ; He too is that Bread which came down from heaven, and in Him the Church is incorporated for the enjoyment of everlasting happiness, that all we who have this hope may communicate in so great a sacrament and share in the same bliss." Following the clue thus given him by the Fathers, De Rossi recognises in the feast which, as we have already mentioned, is represented more than once on the walls of these chambers, precisely that very feast recorded by St. John in the last chapter of his Gospel; and he does this the more readily, because the food and the number of the guests exactly correspond to the historical narrative, viz. seven men—in other pictures where the joys of heaven are represented under the figure of a feast, women as well as men are introduced, but here seven men only—are partaking of fish and bread; that is, they are partaking of Christ under the appearance of bread.

To ourselves the proofs which De Rossi has accumulated in support of his interpretation of these symbols appear most convincing; and though we are well aware that, in our desire to be brief, we have presented them to our readers under

great disadvantages, yet we think that even this imperfect sketch will be sufficient to establish their high probability to those who have had any experience in such studies; and to all good Catholics it cannot fail to be a matter of interest to see how here, as in a thousand other instances, the science of archæology offers itself as a useful handmaid of the Church. In this dissertation De Rossi has opened a wide field, in which but few labourers have gone before him: indeed, until we have a more perfect account of the monuments of early Christian art than we at present possess, and more especially until De Rossi's own collection of all the *res lapidaria* of ancient Roman Christianity is made public, the materials for such dissertations are scarcely within reach. It is earnestly to be hoped that neither of these works may be long delayed; for it is easy to judge from the present specimen how rich a harvest both of profit and pleasure they cannot fail to afford, when commented upon by persons bringing to the study of them the same combination of learning, diligence, and moderation which so eminently characterise the writer of the letter we have been examining.

DORAN'S KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS.

Knights and their Days. By Dr. Doran. London: Richard Bentley. 1856.

KNIGHTS and their days! We seized the book with avidity. What a rich prospective field of interest lay open before us! Deep researches into history, from the mystic mazes that surround Arthur's knights and their wonderful doings to the time when chivalry may fairly be said to have passed away in the presence of a civilisation which, if it adds some comforts to the creature part of our being, certainly does not tend to elevate that which prompts to deeds of knightly daring and fearless courage; rich gems of poetry, remembrance of the far-famed days of the troubadours; recitals of soul-stirring interest, from the annals of the knights of the Temple, St. John, and other religious military orders;—here was matter surely at once rife with interest, and capable of being blended with most valuable instruction. We were doomed to be somewhat disappointed. Dr. Doran is a writer who has attained a literary reputation more upon the strength of a certain interest, conveyed principally by means of amusing anecdote in which the scandalous pre-

dominates, profane wit, and an off-hand manner of relating, than upon the real value of the historical facts that he details. Indeed, he says himself, "I am not sure Scarron was wrong when he said the best way of writing history was by writing epigrams pointed so as to prick every body;" and this is certainly *his* way of writing it: nevertheless he sometimes presents to us, although mixed up with a deal of irrelevant matter, some interesting anecdotes of mediæval life. He relates a touching incident of this description from the chronicles of De Joinville. After giving us from this author an account of the death and burial of Sir Hugh de Baudricourt, and the supposed retribution that befel the six irreverent jesters at his bier, he says,

"I must add one more incident, to show how, in the battle-field, the human and Christian principle was not altogether lost. The poor priest, whom the wicked and wedded knights had interrupted in the service of the Mass by follies, at which De Joinville himself seems to think that men may perhaps be inclined to laugh, became as grievously ill as De Joinville himself; and 'one day,' says the latter, 'when he was singing Mass before me as I lay in my bed, at the moment of the elevation of the Host, I saw him so exceedingly weak, that he was near fainting; but when I perceived he was on the point of falling to the ground I flung myself out of bed, sick as I was, and taking my coat, embraced him, and bade him be at his ease, and take courage from Him whom he held in his hand. He recovered some little; but I never quitted him till he had finished the Mass, which he completed; and this was the last, for he never celebrated another, but died. God receive his soul!' This is a pleasanter picture of Christian chivalry than any other that is given by this picturesque chronicler."

We are not often indebted to Dr. Doran for the insertion of a story like this one, free from disagreeable reflections on religion, and therefore we have given it to our readers before we turn to the many pages in his book which to the Catholic reader must appear most objectionable and profane. We have no wish to quarrel with the bantering tone in which he treats his subject, but we have frequently noticed in our course through the book a certain offensive flippancy even in the relation of the most serious incidents, sometimes combined with a spirit of untruthful satire, which is, to say the least, unbecoming an historian; and this he particularly delights in when it is at the expense of the Catholic Church, or some person or thing which she holds venerable and holy; as, for instance, when he speaks of St. Abraham of Chiduna being "clapped into the Roman calendar of deified men." The whole history of this Saint (knight, Dr. Doran calls him),

better known to our Catholic readers as the Abbot Abraham of the desert of Thebais, is too long for insertion here; but the latter part of it, relating to St. Mary of Egypt and her repentance, is at once so exceedingly novel and suggestive, that we must submit it for perusal:

"I have said, this knight, in assuming his monkly character, had caused himself to be walled up in his cell; I have my suspicions, however, that it was a theatrical sort of wall, for it is very certain that the Saint could pass through it. Now there resided near him a lady-recluse who was his 'niece,' and whose name was Mary. The two were as inseparable as the priest Lacombe and Madame Guyon, and probably were as little deserving of reproach. This Mary was the original of little Red Riding-Hood. She used to convey boiled milk and butter and other necessities to her uncle Abraham. Now it happened, that the ex-knight used also to be visited by a monk whose name was Wolf, or who, at all events, has been so called by hagiographers, on account of his being quite as much of a beast as the quadruped so called. The monk was wont to fall in with Mary as she was on her way to her uncle's cell with pleasant condiments under her napkin in a wicker basket. He must have been a monk of the Count Ory fashion, and he was as seductive as Ponchard, when singing 'Gentille Annette' to the 'Petit Chaperon Rouge' in Boieldieu's opera. The result was, that the monk carried off Mary to a neighbouring city,—Edessa, if I remember rightly; and if I am wrong, Mr. Michell Kemble will perhaps set me right in his bland and gentlemanlike way. The town-life led by these two was of the most disgraceful nature; and when the monk had grown tired of it, he left Mary to lead a worse without him. Mary became the 'Reine Pomare,' the 'Mogadore,' the 'Rose Pomponne' of Edessa, and was the terror of all families where there were elder sons and latch-keys. Her doings and her whereabouts at length reached the ears of her uncle Abraham; and not a little astonished were those who knew the recluse, to see him one morning attired in a pourpoint of rich stuff, with a cloak like Almaviva's, yellow buskins with a fall of lace over the tops, a jaunty cap and feather on his head, a rapier on his thigh, and a steed between his legs, which curveted under his burden as though the fun of the thing had given it lightness. At Mary's supper this cavalier was present on the night of his arrival at Edessa. He scattered his gold like a Cræsus, and Mary considered him worth all the more penniless knights put together. When these had gone, as being less welcome, Abraham declared his relationship, and acted on the right it gave him to rate a niece, who was not only an ungrateful minx, but who was as mendacious as an ungrateful niece could well be. The old gentleman, however, had truth on his side, and finally so overwhelmed Mary with its terrible application, that she meekly followed him back to the desert, and passed fifteen years in a walled-up cell close to that of her uncle."

Now where can Dr. Doran possibly have picked up this very creditable version of the story of St. Mary of Egypt, of which the skeleton certainly is true? As he has not furnished us with his authority, we feel utterly at a loss as to what records he has consulted, or what historian has supplied him with the materials of this edifying episode; for there were no St. Simons in those days. We can think of but one, and he is a very old fabricator of histories—the oldest we have on record—one to whom Dr. Doran himself distantly alludes, as we shall have occasion to remark as we pass further on into his book; and we feel the more inclined to give him the credit of the suggestion, as we are somewhere told, on very indisputable authority, that he is not only a liar, but the father of lies. Indeed there is no mistaking the tendency of some of Dr. Doran's sarcasms. He tells us with wonderful relish that St. Francis of Sales cheated at cards; that St. Francis Borgia “passed his age in wonderful innocence and piety among his domestics—the only part of his life so passed.” He ridicules St. Louis for “calling upon God and His Saints, and especially St. James and St. Genevieve, as his intercessors;” and he goes out of his way to turn the story of Joan d’Arc against the Church, by saying “she was hellishly betrayed by the Church, under whose benediction she had raised her banner.”

We offer an extract from his chapter on De Rancé and the Trappists, which teems with ill-directed sarcasm, particularly against the virtues of obedience and humility. Speaking of a young marquis and chevalier who took pleasure in performing the meanest offices in the community—

“This monk,” he says, “was the flower of the fraternity; he was for ever accusing himself of the most heinous crimes, not one of which he had ever committed or was capable of committing. He represented himself so ingeniously, said De Rancé (who on this occasion is the biographer), ‘that without lying, he made himself pass for the vile wretch which in truth he was not.’ He must have been like that other clever individual, who lies like truth.”

His history of the Guise family, we need scarcely say, is completely one-sided. While he lauds the Huguenots as pious champions of their religion, ever ready to defend with their swords the belief that they cherished, and lets fall no hint of blood shed recklessly by them, he omits no opportunity of casting a slur not only on their opposers, but through them on Rome. We were astounded at the variety of anecdotes based on no higher authority than a precursory “it is said,” contained in these two chapters on De Rancé and the Guises; anecdotes which we nowhere find mention of in history, and

for which Dr. Doran quotes no authority ; but which, we suppose, are cooked up by that "clever individual" from the pages of Voltaire, St. Simon, Sully, and other "scandalous individuals" of the period. Indeed he does not seem to be alive to the possibility of there being more than one clever individual who, to borrow his own words, "lies like truth." Of Claude of Lorraine and his brother the Cardinal of Guise, he tells us, "the Church beheld in him and his brother two of those champions whom it records with gladness, and canonises with alacrity." What alacrity means, or rather what meaning Dr. Doran attaches to it, we are perfectly unable to understand, some three centuries having elapsed since the Duc de Guise and his brother played their part on the vast theatre of the political world, and we have yet to see the effects of this wonderful alacrity. We have well looked through what Dr. Doran so irreverently styles "the Roman calendar of deified men," and we nowhere find "recorded" a saint of the surname of Guise.

Let us now see what are his ideas of the massacre of St. Bartholomew :

"Ranke is puzzled," he says, "where to find the principal author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There is no difficulty in the matter. The Guises had appealed to the chances of battle to overcome their chief adversaries in the kingdom ; but for every Huguenot father slain, there arose as many filial avengers as he had sons ; the causes of quarrel were individual as well as general. A Huguenot had slain the second duke, and his widow was determined to be avenged. The cardinal was wroth with the king for retaining Protestant archers in his body-guard ; the archers took an unclean vengeance, and defiled the pulpit in the chapel-royal, wherefrom the cardinal was accustomed to denounce the doctrine of their teachers. His eminence formed a confederacy by which it was resolved to destroy the enemy at a blow."

Does Dr. Doran really mean to assert that the Cardinal de Guise thought it necessary to wipe away in the blood of thousands a paltry insult offered to his pulpit ?

"To the general causes I need not allude"—(no, Dr. Doran, *you* need not ; they are too well known in history to afford scope for successful speculation in the production of epigrams)—"The plot itself was formed in Oliver Clesson's house in Paris, known as the Hotel of Mercy ; but the representatives of Rome and Spain, united to those of France, met upon the frontier, and there made the final arrangements which were followed by such terrible consequences. When the stupendous deed was being done, the cardinal was absent from France ; but he fairly took upon himself the guilt when he conferred the hand of his illegitimate daughter Anne d'Arne on the

officer Besme, whose dagger had given the first and mortal stab to Coligny, the chief of the immolated victims of that dreadful day. And Rome approved."

Where did Dr. Doran find that out? But the question is superfluous; he has already shown us how easy it is for him to dispose of questions which puzzled Ranke. One more remark on this chapter, and we must pass on. We are told that the knife with which Henry III. was killed is "still preserved as a precious treasure at Rome;" where or by whom it does not suit Dr. Doran to let us know. But enough of this.

We turn gladly now to the record of Rambouillet, to find there the history of one on whom even the pen of Dr. Doran can cast no slur, one who knew how to preserve his virtue in the midst of the contamination of the most licentious court of that most licentious monarch Louis XV., the father-in-law of the ill-fated princess De Lamballe, the Duc de Penthièvre. We cannot resist giving our readers the following anecdote, illustrative at once both of the manners of the court and the character of the man:

"It was by permission of the duke, who refused to sell his house, that Louis XV. built in the adjacent forest the hunting-lodge of St. Hubert. An assemblage of kings, courtiers, knights, and ladies there met, at whose doings the good saint would have blushed, could he have witnessed them. One night the glittering crowd had galloped there for a carouse, when discovery was made that the materials for supper had been forgotten, or left behind at Versailles. 'Let us go to Penthièvre!' was the universal cry; but the king looked grave at the proposition. Hunger and the universal opposition, however, overcame him. Forth the famished revellers issued, and played a reveillé on the gates of Rambouillet loud enough to have startled the seven sleepers. 'Penthièvre is in bed!' said one. 'He is conning his Breviary,' sneered another. 'Gentlemen, he is probably at prayers,' said the king; who, like an Athenian, could applaud the virtue which he failed to practise. 'Let us withdraw,' added the exemplary royal head of the order of the Holy Ghost. 'If we do,' remarked Madame du Barry, 'I shall die of hunger; let us knock again.' To the storm which now beset the gates the latter yielded; and as they swung open they disclosed the duke, who, girt in a white apron, and with a ladle in his hand, received his visitors with the announcement that he was engaged in helping to make soup for the poor. The monarch and his followers declared that no poor could be more in need of soup than they were. They accordingly seized the welcome supply, devoured it with the appetite of those for whom it was intended, and paid the grave knight who was their host in the false coin of pointless jokes. How that host contrasted with his royal guest, may be seen in the fact told of him when a poor woman kissed his hand, and asked a favour, as he was

passing in a religious procession. 'In order of religion before God,' said he, 'I am your brother; in all other cases for ever your friend.' The order of the Holy Ghost never had a more enlightened member than he."

The Duc de Penthièvre expiated in the Revolution, if not in his own person, in those of his nearest and dearest relatives, the crimes which brought that fearful curse on the French nation; one of the few innocent in that crowd of turpitude and guilt. At the death of his wife, Dr. Doran tells us, he had spent weeks among the Trappists, praying and sleeping on the bare ground. But let us pass on.

We must now, with great deference, if not to the sounder information, to the superior assurance of our historian, venture to ask him where he has obtained the knowledge that so rejoices him, that it was not Sir Walter Tyrrel that killed William Rufus in the New Forest, "although," he says, "I am sorry an attempt has been made to fix it on the Church." We *do not* sympathise in his sorrow; we know of no writer of any moment with such "an unblushing disregard for truth" as to make the assertion in question, and we do not think the friends or well-wishers of the Church have any reason to feel sorry that it has been made by Dr. Doran.

He likewise informs us that, in the dissensions between Henry II. and St. Thomas of Canterbury,

"Nothing could possibly be more disgraceful than the conduct of the Pope and the diplomacy of the Roman government. Throughout the continuation of the quarrel between A'Beckett and the king, double-dealing, atrocious deceit, and an unblushing disregard for truth, marked every act of him who was looked upon as the spiritual head of Christendom. Comparing Beckett with the king, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion, that in many of the requirements of knighthood he was superior to the sovereign. His death, that is, the way in which he met it, was sublime."

This is a good example of what we have observed all through Dr. Doran's book, namely, that he sometimes spares Catholic bishops and laymen, as game too small for him to fly his hawk against, nay, he even praises them, when by so doing he thinks he can come down with double force against the Church or the Popes, whom he never spares, but always attacks, and that in the most opprobrious language. The real history of the contest in question, and the conduct of the Pope in the transaction, is now so perfectly well known, at least by all Catholics, that to make us reopen the narrative of the dispute we must have a more serious adversary than Dr. Doran.

As Dr. Doran has written a work entitled *Lives of Queens*

of the *House of Hanover*, in speaking of which in public the *v* of the first word is now constantly omitted, we can scarcely expect that he should deal more truthfully with the character of James II. He says of him,

"He was coarsely-minded, and neither practised fidelity himself nor expected it in others. Whatever he may have been in battle, there was little of the refinement of chivalry about him in the bower. It was said of Louis XIV. and his successor, that if they were outrageously unfaithful to their consorts, they never failed to treat them with the greatest politeness. James lacked even this little remnant of chivalrous feeling, and he was barely courteous to his consort till adversity taught him the worth of Mary of Modena."

As a slight contrast to this very unpleasing picture, we must turn to the other side of the page for the account, taken from Dodd's *Church History*, of the last days of this most unfortunate, most conscientious, and ill-used monarch:

"James was never once heard to repine at his misfortune. He willingly heard read the scurrilous pamphlets that were daily published in England against him. If at any time he showed himself touched, it was to hear of the misfortunes of those gentlemen who suffered on his account. He would often entertain those about him with the disorders of his youth; but it was with a public detestation of them, and an admonition to others not to follow his example. The very newspapers were to him a lesson of morality; and the daily occurrences both in the field and the cabinet were looked upon by him, not as the result of second causes, but as providential measures to chastise both nations and private persons according to their deserts. He would sometimes say, that the exalted state of a king was attended with this great misfortune, that he lived out of the reach of reproof; and mentioned himself as an example. He read daily a chapter in the Bible, and another in that excellent book, the *Following of Christ*. In his last illness he publicly forgave all his enemies, and several of them by name, especially the Prince of Orange, whom he acknowledged to be his greatest friend, as being the person whom Providence had made use of to scourge him and humble him in the manner he had done, in order to save his soul."

We observe that Dr. Doran has every now and then written several whole pages together without indulging in sarcasm, or "pricking any one with his epigrams." We can account for this phenomenon only on the supposition that he has been more free on these occasions from the usual overflow of bile that troubles him. In this case he becomes a very good Joe Miller, and that is all. We give two or three specimens of these stories:

"When Ulderich, count of Sicily, sought an interview with Hunniades, governor of Hungary, the latter bade him come to the

Hungarian camp. The offended Ulderich, in a great chafe, replied, that it was beneath him to do such a thing, seeing that he was descended from a long line of princely ancestors, whereas Hunniades was the first of his family that had ever been raised to honour. The Hungarian very handsomely remarked, 'I do not compare myself to your ancestors, but to you.'"

"George III. was asked to knight Judge Day. 'Pooh! pooh!' remonstrated the king, 'how can I change day into night?' The ministerial application being renewed, George asked if he were married; and on an affirmative reply being given, he immediately rejoined, 'Then let him come to the next drawing-room, and I will perform a couple of miracles,—I will not only turn Day into knight, but I will make Lady Day at Christmas.'"

"There was a patron, an old Chevalier de St. Louis, with a small cross and large *ails de pigeon*. The parish-priest resided under his roof, and was the friend of the family. The parish was a poor one; but it had spirit enough to raise a subscription in order to supply the altar with a new ciborium. With the modest sum in hand the knight of St. Louis, accompanied by the priest, repaired to Metz to make the necessary purchase. The goldsmith placed two vessels before them. One was somewhat small, but suitable to the funds at the knight's disposal; the other was large, splendidly chased, and highly coveted by the priest. 'Here is a pretty article,' said the chevalier, pointing to the simpler of the two vessels. 'But here is a more worthy,' interrupted the priest. 'It corresponds with the sum at our disposal,' remarked the former. 'I am sure it does not correspond with your love for Him for whom the sum was raised,' was the rejoinder. 'I have no authority to exceed the amount named,' whispered the cautious chevalier. 'But you have wherewith of your own to supply the deficiency,' murmured the priest. The perplexed knight began to feel himself a dissenter from the Church, and after a moment's thought, and looking at the smaller as well as simpler of the two vessels, he exclaimed, 'It is large enough for the purpose, and will do honour to the Church.' 'The larger would be more to the purpose, and would do more honour to the Head of the Church,' was the steady clerical comment which followed. 'Do you mean to say that it is not large enough?' said the treasurer. 'Certainly, since there is a larger which we may have if you will only be generous.' '*Mais*,' remonstrated the knight in a burst of profane impatience, and pointing to the smaller ciborium, '*cela contiendrait le diable*.' 'Ah, Monsieur le Chevalier,' said the priest, by no means shocked at the idiomatic phrase, '*le bon Dieu est plus grand que le diable*.' This stroke won the day; and the goldsmith was the most delighted of the three at this conclusion to a knotty argument."

We are already exceeding our limits, and must therefore pass over Dr. Doran's chapters on Stage-knights and Stage-ladies, on the stupid romances of the Seven Champions of

Christendom, and Guy Earl of Warwick, to which we were surprised to see three or four whole chapters devoted, whilst the deeds of the Crusaders, and of the military orders of the Church, are passed without the slightest notice. Speaking of the knighting of Spielman by Elizabeth: "This was done," says he, "at a time when printers and paper-makers were considered by Romanists as any thing but angels of light." This, we must remark, is written of the times when the papal chair was occupied successively by a Medici, under the name of Paul IV.; by that Ugo Buoncampagni who, as Gregory XIII., founded and endowed more than one college in Rome for the promotion of education, and who has earned a world-wide reputation as the reformer of the Julian calendar, which reform Protestant England was centuries in adopting, and which Russia has not accepted yet; by Sixtus V., of whose encouragement of the arts and liberal sciences it would be impossible here to enumerate the instances; and Ippolito Aldobrandini, known as the publisher of a new edition of the Vulgate, as a zealous promoter of knowledge, and the patron of Bellarmine. In a phase of his old spirit he calls Leo X. an infidel; and when he mentions the publication by Ulrick von Hutton of his *Vadiscus, sive Trias Romana*, he says, "never had arrow of such power stricken the harlot before." We will not dwell on this very euphonistic phrase. Dr. Doran has quoted in a part of his volume a learned dissertation on the gentle-gentle, the gentle-ungentle, and the ungentle-gentle. We do not feel called upon to discuss Dr. Doran's claims to any of these titles; but before we have done with *Knights and their Days*, we would remind him that in these days we expect to hear such expressions only from such gentles as Dr. Cumming, or in such places as Exeter Hall. We forget; there is one other place associated in our minds with such little expletives, and that place is Billingsgate.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Breviarii Sarisburiensis Fasciculus Secundus. Edidit C. Seager, A.M. (Whitaker.) We are glad at length to see the second part of Mr. Seager's very valuable contribution to the liturgical literature of Catholic England. If the Salisbury Breviary has not *all* the interest which attaches to the ancient Eucharistic liturgies of the eastern and western Churches, it has an interest only inferior to that of those venerable rites in the eyes of us who are the legitimate successors of the

Englishmen of other days. It is at least some consolation to remember, that if those who robbed us of our rights have seized the fabrics and revenues belonging to our religion, they cannot take from us those prayers and that faith without which York Minster is but a glorious meeting-house, and Westminster Abbey a private appendage to parliament and royalty. Salisbury Cathedral is in the hands of the spoilers; but the Sarum rite can never be other than ours. The Church discipline, which has gradually substituted the Roman Breviary for those local offices which became a symbol of Gallicanism, has wisely placed the Sarum office in the same category with others of equal antiquity; but it still calls forth the admiration of every one who studies it. Mr. Seager's edition is very carefully and elaborately done; the text is collated from the original manuscripts, and ample notes elucidate all the most interesting points.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A portion of the Journal of T. Raikes, Esq. from 1831 to 1847, comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Raikes, though of mercantile extraction, mixed very much with the governing circles both here and in France; and his reminiscences therefore afford a much more important, perhaps even a more "indiscreet" series of *ana* than those which Mr. Dyce picked up as crumbs under Rogers's table. Mr. Raikes was a thorough Tory, desirous to allow the people all necessary personal liberty, and to deny them all possible political power; which he wished to keep in the hands of the noble spendthrifts, rakes, duellists, suicides, gourmands, and triflers, among whom he cast his lot. The only story that redounds to the credit of any body which we have found in the book is the following:

"On Sunday last two young men, students, repaired to the Bois de Boulogne to settle an affair of honour of so serious a nature that it was resolved that one should die. After a vain attempt at reconciliation, one of the seconds demanded that the delay of one hour should take place before the combat commenced. This being agreed to, he returned with all speed to Paris, and informed a priest (the Abbé Bertin), who had been chaplain to the college of the students, of what was about to occur. The worthy ecclesiastic hurried to the spot, and after a vain endeavour to bring one of the adversaries to listen to reason, who insisted on blood being shed, the clergyman said to him, 'If you must have blood, let it be mine; I willingly offer myself as a victim; for I may say, without presumption, that I am better prepared at the present moment to quit this world than the young man whose life you seek.' This touching appeal had the desired effect, and a reconciliation took place, all parties doing honour to the venerable peacemaker."

Mr. Raikes can afford an insulated homage to an individual; but when he has to notice the acts of spoliation of the ecclesiastical order which were taking place in Spain and Portugal, he cannot find words strong enough to condemn the laziness and uselessness of monks and priests; his language is quite altered again when he has to speak of O'Connell and the "Irish-Church spoliation." Mr. Raikes was as illogical an old gossip as the rest of his party.

Cuzco and Lima. By C. R. Markham, F.R.G.S. (London, Chapman and Hall.) We have nothing to say against this gentleman's investigation of the geography, history, and language of the portions of

South America he undertakes to describe—they are worthy of a member of the Geographical Society; but we protest against his way of speaking of our religion. Like Mr. Raikes, he can praise individuals; but his panegyric is soon modified by a *but*, and ends in rigid censure. “If we forget for a moment,” he says, “the ungenerous hatred with which Protestant English are accustomed to pursue the name of a Jesuit, and calmly consider the privations and misery they underwent, their banishment from society, their cheerful sacrifice of self, all undertaken for the glory of God,—then, &c.” But, in spite of this “calm consideration,” Mr. Markham coolly assumes that the destruction of the old “sun-worship,” and establishment of the Catholic religion in its place, has been a sad thing for Peru. He visits the ruins of the old sun-temple and its dependencies, over which a poor church is now erected, and utters a lament over the change—“standing amid these saddening relics of former greatness, I could picture the change, &c. Where now stands the church of San Domingo, then rose that glorious fane, the temple of the Sun, with its massive cornice of pure gold. The interior was decorated with a magnificence suited to the holy uses for which it was dedicated. A large golden sun, studded with emeralds and turquoises, covered the side facing the door; a sacred flame constantly burned before the representative of the Deity.” And as Popish buildings make but a poor substitute for the destroyed temples of heathenism, so also are the Popish feasts and fasts, which are only inventions of lazy monks, unable to compete with the importance of pagan fasti, “the complicated system of feasts and fasts of the worship of the sun, which was observed most religiously throughout the empire, and gave occasion for many happy gala-days to the Indians.”

Of the modern Peruvian literature, Mr. Markham cannot say much: it consists chiefly of “pamphlets full of scurrility and libel;” the “surface is polluted by such productions, but there are some political writers who redeem it from contempt.” Then follow two examples: Col. Espinosa, who thus addresses the Pope: “Pius IX., enter, enter Rome; enter, as did Sylla, proscribing your fellow-citizens. Enter, like the cholera, destroying. Enter, surrounded by a staff of strangers, &c. . . . Pius IX., Pius IX., you, who might have been the first man of the age, are its disgrace; you, who might have been the liberator of Italy, are its oppressor, &c. . . . God preserve your life, O most holy Father, that you may be the last of your line. Amen! amen! amen!”

Another hero of Peruvian literature is a “priest named Vigil,” who has written a book in six 8vo vols. to prove that the priesthood should be married. On receiving the news of his excommunication, he writes of the Pope in words that might have been written by Col. Espinosa.

When this is the gold, silver, and jewelry of a literature, what may be its chaff, straw, stubble, and mud? We may return, for some illustrations of it, to Mr. Markham, in our next number.

The Life and Adventures of Jules Gérard, the Lion-killer. (Lambert and Co.) A book of marvellous adventures, truly French in tone of thought, but none the less entertaining, and reading very agreeably in their English dress. M. Gérard is decidedly not deficient in his appreciation of his own heroic courage; but his stories seem true; indeed, if they were otherwise, the circumstances in which he is placed would have led to exposure. The volume is certainly one of the best that has appeared in any of the many cheap Railway Series.

A Narrative of the Siege of Kars, and of the Six Months' Resistance

of the Turkish Garrison, under General Williams, to the Russian Army, &c. By H. Sandwith, M.D., chief of the medical staff. (London, Murray.) No one has had a better chance than Dr. Sandwith, and no one could have frittered it away more completely. As a writer, he has a most unfortunate facility of commanding inattention to what is well worth the hearing. We are sorry for it; for this siege has been one of the grandest episodes of the war, and in the hands of a competent person its records might have been most interesting. As it is, it is a labour to read it. The following is the author's appreciation of the effect of the loss of Kars:

"That the loss of Kars is a blot on a year otherwise successful for the arms of the allies cannot be denied; and injury has been thereby inflicted on the prestige of England which we must all regret. Sevastopol was doubtless a grand triumph, calculated to produce a vast political effect throughout Europe and the West; but Asiatics scarce knew of its existence, whereas scores of wandering dervishes and fakirs from central Asia, Persia, and northern India have visited Kars, and are thoroughly aware of its importance. These men take the place of newspapers in the East, and their reports must exercise a damaging influence on the reputation of England."

The accounts given of the conduct and bearing of General Williams point to him as the representative of the real military talent of the nation in this most unscientific war.

Sevastopol: our Tent in the Crimea, and Wanderings in Sevastopol. By two Brothers. (London, Bentley.) This is the work of two educated men, non-combatants, one of whom was compelled by ill-health to quit the Crimea before the final bombardment, and to leave the most important share of the work to his brother. The book abounds in details, and is well written. Towards the end some characteristic anecdotes are inserted, which are amusing enough. Altogether it is one of the best of the ephemeral books on the war.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. By W. L. Alexander, D.D. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.) Both the subject and the author of these memoirs are much more able men than usually write or are written about in the strange volumes of Protestant hagiology which "the elect" devour with so voracious an appetite. Both the reverend divines are scholars; both quote Latin and Greek; both have read abstruse authors; both know well enough the meaning of words, and yet both use them in that unctuous, slip-slop, indefinite manner which is familiar to all who have ever looked into the productions of Evangelical penmen. "We got a charming repast on Sabbath forenoon from the 67th Psalm; it was truly a feast of fat things." If a child dies, her death is described as that "of a singularly engaging and precious little girl of two years and two months of age, who was taken from them by measles." If a brother divine does a neighbourly act, we are sure to hear of his "lovely and generous spirit;" if a man improves in preaching, he "makes great advances in acceptability as a preacher" (as Dr. Wardlaw did long before he was "ordained"); and preachers of the "persuasion" are characterised by such very superlative epithets; thus we have "the thrice-venerable John Newton," and innumerable similar instances: but the Independents seem always to have had a higher notion of the "saints" of their order than most other Protestant sects. When the news of Oliver Cromwell's death was brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Sterry, his chaplain, stood up, and desired them not to be troubled: "for,"

said he, "this is good news; because if he was of great use to the people of God when he was among them, now he will be much more so, being ascended to heaven, to sit at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions" (*Ludlow's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 611). But to return to our mutton.

Dr. Wardlaw was a Scottish Independent minister of considerable reputation beyond the bounds of his own sect, born in Glasgow in 1779, settled as a "pastor" in the same town, and finally dying there in 1853. There was not much to chequer his life beyond his marriage, and the births of eleven children; so that there is no external interest in his memoirs. From them we gather that, for a Calvinist saint, he laboured under what we always supposed to be a serious defect—he was ignorant of the hour and minute, the day, month, and year of his "conversion." "At what time he underwent the great change, without which there can be no true piety, it is impossible to say:" it was, as he wrote, "of dateless origin, and of imperceptibly gradual development" (this clothing of essentially prosaic ideas in very sublime language ought to be Cervantic, but somehow it misses the true Quixotic vein). Still his co-religionists thought none the worse of him for it; the proprietors of chapels placed them at his disposal, invited him to take possession of them and to set up his church, leaving him "at liberty as to order and formation of the church in the way he shall judge best." He might dress like a dandy, and indulge in puns and sharp repartee, but his unctuousness as a preacher restored him in the eyes of the half-scandalised spinsters; a consummation, as his biographer says, "creditable to all parties."

The fifth chapter of the memoirs gives an amusing picture of what we may call in physiological language the "fissiparous reproduction" of congregational churches. Such phenomena only take place in the polyps and infusoria of ecclesiastical zoology. A cleft or fissure appears in some part of the body, either a misunderstanding between the pastor and deacons, a quarrel on some doctrine, or an idea in the head of some oratorical lay member that he can preach as well as his parson. This fissure constantly increases in depth, the two sides separate more decidedly, the contained organs are divided and become double, and two individuals are formed of one, so similar to each other, that it is impossible to say which is the parent and which the offspring; nevertheless "cavils and backbiting" supply the place of radical differences, and the "churches" come to abuse one another as prettily as the best Christian could desire.

This equivocal mode of generation explains the vitality of the English and Scottish sects. A celebrated Anglican divine has affected to wonder at their tenacity of life beyond the second generation, on the ground that "among the brutes, a mule, whose sire is an ass, leaves no posterity, and is the last of his family." But Jortin has drawn his illustration from too high a department of zoology; he must descend from the pachydermata to the regions of malacology, and seek among the *acalephæ* or stinging-nettle molluscs, or among worms and maggots, for the real types of the sects he is speaking about, as well as of his own.

A good example of the way in which the reproduction in question is conducted may be found in chap. xviii., where we read of an attempt of Mr. Porter, Dr. Wardlaw's colleague, to get him ousted from his pulpit. The first thing to be done was to assail the rev. doctor's character; we are therefore told how it was reported that one widow Connell first lent him money at a low rate of interest, and then made him a present of it, hinting, in her letter of gift, that as Philemon owed himself to St.

Paul, so she owed herself also to Dr. Wardlaw ; how, in acknowledging the receipt (of the gift, not of the "I. O. U.—one widow—value received"), he said that in accepting the money his "feelings were of a peculiarly humbling, yet interesting description." How thereupon one Higginbotham (who doubtless read "interested" for "interesting") charged him with being "worse than a felon, and with resorting to the worst practices of the confessional ;" how the deacons and the church met and sat in judgment, and acquitted Wardlaw ; but dismissed his "co-pastor," Porter, for taking part in the "atrocious libel" against the doctor, for his "shameful insinuations against the deacons," and last, not least, for giving "obtrusive and ill-timed advice to the members of the church."

We believe that our Irish friends call these or similar sectarians "swaddlers:" so far as relates to their abuse of the Queen's English, we fully accept the word, which well expresses the unnatural, forced, constraining dress in which they envelop the infantine limbs of the "calves of their lips," as we may very properly term their ceremonial language.

Nevertheless, we are constrained to own that there is a great deal that is good, self-denying, and earnest in the conduct of such men as Dr. Wardlaw, whose life, if his biographer tells the truth, might put to shame that of many a votary of a better faith.

A History of the Christian Church during the three first Centuries. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. (London, Murray.) We were struck at not finding St. Peter's name in the table of contents of this volume, though that of St. Paul is mentioned several times ; but our suspicions were not justified by the text, where more is allowed to St. Peter than is generally conceded by Protestants, and where ground is assumed, which, if logically followed out, would lead to the recognition of the Papal Supremacy. Nevertheless, of course we do not recommend the book, which has all the faults of the "*via-media* theory ;" the assumption that Popery is an extreme ; and the anxious endeavour to keep clear of it by stopping short of the conclusions of admitted premises.

Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey. Edited by J. Wood Warter, B.D. In 4 vols. ; 2 published. (London, Longmans.) Southey was a hardworking, painstaking domestic man, of great talents, but little genius ; his one fault was conceit ; in his estimation of himself he was "over-proud and under-honest ; in self-assumption greater than in the note of judgment." This pride is the salient characteristic of the correspondence before us ; wit, or anecdotes, or views, are almost wanting ; and if, as the motto of the volumes tells us, "Southey's letters show his true character," that character must have been a very boring one. The rev. editor has risen from their perusal "a sadder and a wiser man:" sadder probably, wiser perhaps ; for there are degrees in wisdom from zero to bloodheat. In them Southey seems to have worked up the chips and rubbish of his studio—the scraps that were useless for his published works. Those who think that worth publishing which a publicist of such matchless fecundity passed by, must have a very hazy and dissipated notion of literary value.

The poet's jocularities come out in these volumes in a very ponderous form ; "he jesteth as adroitly as a camel danceth." The chief attempt at wit is a parody on the opening chapters of Genesis, at which, we are assured by his rev. son-in-law, "those who knew Southey and his deep-grounded religious faith will not be offended."

His ideas do not seem to have been very steady either in religion or politics; at one time a good Anglican, then a Quaker in all but dress and non-combativeness; now a Radical, now a Tory; sometimes his ideas "ran into license:" of his opinions, "many were modified, many were changed." "On one point only would he have remained immovable to the last, and that is, on the concessions to the Romish Church *as at present constituted*" (perhaps he had a project for remodelling our system); "on this head there are very many now aware of his long-sighted wisdom." We should consider such wisdom rather long-eared than long-sighted.

Of architectural books there are two lately published which we must recommend to our readers; one is Street's *Brick and Marble Architecture of Italy*, and the other Fergusson's *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*. We had intended to notice them more at length, but till we have time to do so, we must content ourselves with this cursory reference to them.

Correspondence.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to correct a blunder in the translation of the last hymn quoted in the article on "Mediæval Hymns" in your April No. Was it "sheer ignorance," or ecstatic astonishment at the word "quitaris," which made the translator suppose it was subjunctive and not indicative? The following is the correct translation:

*Because I was born poor for thee, thou art enriched with merits.
Because I was tortured for thee, thou art quit of thy debts.
And because I was glorified, thou art crowned with rewards.
What givest thou, O man, to me for this?*

Let me add a translation from a Greek hymn of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, written by some member of the schismatic Church, whose work may prompt Catholics to pray during this month for the reconciliation of a body which has always been so devout to the Mother of God.

I have found thee a place of refuge, O all-holy one,—
A covering, a bridge, and a harbour of smooth water;
I have found thee a comfort of my soul, O Virgin,
And a joy, and breath, an enlarging of heart:
Well for me that I have thee an invincible champion!
I have found thee a protection from my enemies, and strength;
I have found thee a wall and a castle, O city of God!
A rudder of salvation, an anchorage of calm,
And an anchor of hope, have I in thee, O Virgin!
What, then, is left but to run to thee, O sweetness of my heart,
And thine accustomed championship from my soul
To ask thee to afford me? Overlook me not, O venerable one,
But stretch forth quickly thy helping hand
To redeem me from dangers of the soul,
From spiritual enemies, malicious, violent;
And crush them by the divine strength.
And cover me with thy wings, O my joy;

And keep me above the reach of all sin,
 That of thought, of deed, and that so cheaply
 Perpetrated, O all-immaculate Throne of Christ.
 For I have thee as a wall, thee as a patronage;
 Thee also as dew, a refreshing delight,
 As sweet ambrosial manna, O Virgin;
 As nectar-drink, and a chalice of immortality,
 The land of life, a vine hung with bunches of grapes;
 And all my hope have I fixed on thee,
 Who hast strangely subdued all my thought.
 Mother, Throne, Vessel, Couch of the Lord,
 Spiritual Mountain, and all-holy City:
 Throne, placed far above the cherubim;
 Couch, far nearer than the seraphim;
 Vessel of manna, golden candlestick,
 Spiritual spring, place of joy,
 Adorable habitation of the Most-Highest Word,
 Ineffable glory of light, grace of the sun,
 Most venerable chamber, Virgin-gate of the Bridegroom God,
 Which He passed through ineffably,
 And, as He knew how, strangely preserved it inviolate,
 Holy, unopened, sealed.

This is only about a third part of the hymn; but I give it to show that the Western Church has scarcely yet exhausted the litanies of the glorious attributes of the Blessed Virgin.

The following are additional specimens of the rare beauties of these ancient hymns:

Gloss on the Ave Maria, by Robert, Bishop of Lincoln; ob. 1253.

Ave Dei genetrix, et immaculata
 Virgo, cœli gaudium, toti mundo nata
 Ad salutem, hominum in exemplum data;
 Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata!

Maria, miseria per te terminatur,
 Et misericordia per te revocatur;
 Per te navigantibus stella maris datur,
 Lumen viæ panditur, portus demonstratur.

Gratia te reddidit, Virgo, gratiosam;
 Te vestivit lilio, sparsit in te rosam;
 Te virtutum floribus fecit speciosam,
 Intus et exterius totam luminosam!

Plena medicamine, abundans unguentis,
 Audi preces pauperis coram te plangentis;
 Respice in faciem, lacrymas fundentis,
 Et livoris vulnera sana, plagas mentis.

Dominus, Rex omnium, ex te nobis fecit,
 Cellam pigmentariam, et in te confecit
 Medicinam omnium, quæ Sibi subjecit,
 Morbos ægrotantium saluti refecit.

Tecum tota Trinitas fecit mansionem,
 Plenitudo, sanctitas, tecum stationem,
 Eligerunt intra te, ad perfectionem
 Præbendo te omnibus vitæ lectionem.

Benedicta, benedic te benedicentes,
 Ut in tuis laudibus semper sint ferventes;
 Infunde dulcedinem in eorum mentes,
 Ut in sanctis moribus sint proficientes.

*Tu in mulieribus optima figura,
 Angelorum omnium regem paritura;
 A Creante omnia singulari curâ,
 Dignior es condita omni creaturâ.*

*Et benedictus Deus, qui cuncta creavit,
 Et in matris utero te sanctificavit;
 Et beatus genitor, qui te generavit;
 Et beata ubera matris quæ lactavit.*

*Fructus tuus, Domina, fructus angelorum,
 Quo fruuntur, cibus est omnium sanctorum,
 Ipsa delectatio, dulcedo eorum
 Qui suorum ambulant viam mandatorum.*

*Ventris habitaculum Rex regum intravit;
 Quasi tabernaculum hoc inhabitavit;
 Regnaturus propter nos ibi se armavit
 Armis condecens, quibus hostem stravit.*

*Tui ergo Filii redempti cruore,
 Quam in crucis prælio fudit cum liquore;
 Hac peruncti gratiâ te laudamus ore,
 Ut in tuis laudibus simus et amore.*

I append a translation :

*Hail, Mother of God, and immaculate
 Virgin, joy of heaven, born for the salvation
 Of the whole world, given as the example of men;
 Make me worthy to praise thee, O sacred Virgin !*

*Mary, our misery is ended by thee,
 And mercy by thee is renewed;
 By thee is the star of the sea given to mariners,
 The light of our way is shown, our harbour is manifested.*

*Grace has made thee graceful, O Virgin;
 Has clothed thee with the lily, has showered the rose upon thee;
 Has made thee beauteous with the flowers of virtue,
 All full of light within and without !*

*Full of healing balsam, abounding in odours,
 Hear the prayers of the poor one who mourns before thee;
 Look on his face, streaming with tears,
 And heal his livid wounds, the bruises of his soul.*

*The Lord, the King of all, of thee has made for us
 The storehouse of balm, and in thee has composed
 That Medicine of all, who subjected to Himself,
 (And) restored to health the diseases of the sick.*

*With thee the whole Trinity made His mansion;
 Fulness, sanctity, with thee; and within thee
 Chose their abode, and exhibited thee to all
 As the lesson of life in the way of perfection.*

*Blessed one, bless those who bless thee,
 That they may always be fervent in praise of thee;
 Pour sweetness into their minds,
 That they may progress in holiness of life.*

*Thou amongst women art in form most beautiful,
 Predestined to be Mother of the King of all the angels;
 By the peculiar care of the Creator of all,
 Thou art created more noble than all creatures.*

*And blessed be God, who created all things,
 And in thy mother's womb sanctified thee;
 And blessed is thy father who begat thee;
 And blessed the breasts of the mother who gave thee suck.*

The fruit of thy body, O Lady, is the fruit of angels,
Which they enjoy ; is the food of all saints ;
Is joy itself ; is the sweetness of those
Who walk in the way of His commandments.

Of thy womb the King of kings entered the habitation ;
It was as it were the tabernacle where He dwelt,
When He was to fight our battles ; it was there He armed Himself
With arms of proof, wherewith He slaughtered the enemy.

Of thy Son, therefore, by the blood redeemed,
Which, mingled with water, on the wine-press of the cross He shed :
Anointed with this grace, we praise thee with our mouth,
That we may be steadfast in thy praises and thy love.

The following was written by some French author of the thirteenth or fourteenth century :

The conception of Mary the Virgin,
Who has washed us from the stain of guilt,
Is celebrated to-day—
A day of joy !

From the root of Jesse's plant
Her did the Sun of true light draw forth,
With the hand of His wisdom,
To be the Temple of His own glory.

A new star newly arises,
With whose rise our death dies.
Now is the fall of Eve restored
In Mary.

As the rising dawn, she goes forth ;
Fair as the moon is her form ;
Like the sun, over all is she raised,
This gentle Virgin.

O Virgin clement, O Virgin only one ;
O column of scented smoke from the censer,
In thee does the frame of heaven and earth
Boast itself ; [nated ;
Thee have the mouths of the prophets desig-
Thee does Solomon sing in the canticle
Of canticles ; to thee does the voice of the angel
Bear witness.

The Word of the Father, in process of time,
Enters the secret chamber of thy womb ;
All within thee, and all without thee,
Was He, at once ;

The green fruit of a dry tree,
Christ, the giant of almighty power,
Us from the chains of our deadly pawn
Did snatch.

O Mary, a sweet ransom
Didst thou conceal within thy womb,
By whom the medicine of salvation to the guilty
Is granted.

O true hope and true joy,
Cause that after the journey of our present life
The reward that we hope for in heaven
May be given to us.

Conceptio Mariæ Virginis,
Quæ nos lavit a labe criminis,
Celebratur hodie—
Dies est lætitiæ !

De radice Jesse propaginis
Hanc eduxit sol veri luminis,
Manu sapientiæ,
Suxæ Templum gloriæ.

Stella nova noviter oritur,
Cujus ortu mors nostra moritur.
Evæ lapsus jam restituitur
In Maria.

Ut aurora surgens propeditur ;
Velut luna pulchra describitur ;
Super cuncta ut sol erigitur,
Virgo pia.

Virgo clemens, et Virgo unica ;
Virga fumi, sed aromatica,
In te cœli mundique fabrica
Gloriatur ;
Te signarunt ora prophetica ;
Tibi canit Salomon cantica
Canticorum, te vox angelica
Protestatur.

Verbum Patris processu temporis
Intrat tui secretum corporis ;
In te totum, et totum deforis,
Simul fuit ;

Fructus virens arentis arboris,
Christus, gigas immensi roboris,
Nos a nexu funesti pignoris
Eripuit.

O Maria, dulce commercium
Intra tuum celasti gremium,
Quo salutis reis remedium
Indulgetur.

O vera spes et verum gaudium,
Fac post vitæ præsentis stadium
Ut optatum in cœlis bravium
Nobis detur.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON MÆDIEVAL HYMNS.